# The WOMEN OF ILLINOIS

"GOING ON"

HENRY McCORMICK

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# The Women of Illinois

By

HENRY McCORMICK

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*Lo, what gentillesse these women have,*
*If we coude know it for our rudenesse!*
*How busie they be us to keep and save,*
*Both in hele, and also in silkenesse!*
*And alway right sorrie for our distresse,*
*In every manner.*

*—Chaucer.*

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# The Women of Illinois

## CHAPTER ONE

### THE PIONEER WOMEN

MUCH has been said, and justly so, in praise of the men of Illinois. They have played an honorable part in the halls of legislation, on the field of battle, in literature, in law, and in medicine. Lincoln, Douglas, Grant, Logan, Bissell, Palmer, Fuller, Senn, Medill, and a host of others whose names can not be mentioned here, constitute a list of whom any state may justly be proud. And it is well to be proud of them. A people who are not proud of their great men are not worthy of them. It is said that pride goes before a fall; it is just as certain that lack of pride leads to the fall of the individual and of the state. Sad, indeed, is the fate of the nation whose people are indifferent to the merits of their great men; it is traveling on a road that leads to such a state of decadence that

*"Woman" must ever be a woman's name*
*And honors more than "Lady," if I know right.*
*—Vogelweide.*

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## CHAPTER ONE

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mediocrity, even, will seem an unattainable height.

There is one class of our people, however, to whom neither the essayist nor the historian has done justice, the women of Illinois. Yet they were well-worthy to walk by the side of their fathers, brothers, and husbands. And it is no more than just that this fact should be made known to their descendants.

The hardy pioneer, whose main dependence was upon his ax and rifle, fills an important chapter in the history of our great state. He felled forests, where there were any to be felled, built bridges and mills, established schools and churches, and waged a persistent and successful warfare against wild beasts and the still more savage red man. But what of his wife who kissed him goodbye in the morning as he went to his work, not knowing that she would ever see him again alive? Or what must have been her feelings when he took his grist to the mill twenty or thirty miles away and would not return until the next day, if at all? Imagine, if you can, her state of mind as the wolves were howling around the cabin at night and the children were crying for bread, it might be, while she feared that every noise which she did not understand might be

due to the stealthy approach of the Indians. How glad she was when daylight came, and how often she looked down the trail to see if her natural protector was in sight; and when he arrived, with what rapture did they greet each other.

The home was a humble one, consisting usually of one room with a loft, and a hole under the middle of the room for a cellar. The floor was of puncheons, or very rough boards. There was no carpet on the floor, no pictures on the walls, and the furniture, in most part, was made by means of the ax and auger.

In this unpretentious home she cared for her family without any assistance from mothers' clubs, child-study clubs, or kindergartners. She had to get along without many of the conveniences which modern housekeepers regard as indispensable. She had no stove, gas range, or fireless cooker, but had to do her cooking over the open fireplace, often without a "crane," and her baking in the "Dutch oven," if she was fortunate enough to have one.

She had no Ivory or Pears' soap, but had to leach the ashes and make her own soap, as she did her starch. She had no washing-machine or clothes-wringer, no vacuum cleaner or car-

pet sweeper, no fly screens, no yeast cakes, no baking powder, and no canned fruit.

In addition to being the housekeeper, she was also the manufacturer for the household. She spun the wool, dyed the yarn, wove it, fulled the cloth, and made it into garments for the family. She scutched the flax, hatcheled it, spun it and wove it into wearing apparel and bed linen, and later into table linen.

To her many other duties the pioneer woman added that of physician. It was well that she did so, for regular doctors were few in those days and sometimes difficult to reach, especially for the isolated pioneer families. And were it not for the beneficent ministrations of the wife and mother the diseases peculiar to the new country would have caused even more suffering than they did. Her supply of calomel and quinine was limited, it is true, but the woods were her dispensary and they furnished a bountiful supply of sage, sassafras, catnip, liverwort, tansy, lobelia, boneset, etc. If the malady did not yield to any, or all of these remedies, the corn-sweat was resorted to, and if this did not prove efficacious, the patient's friends regarded his recovery as hopeless.

To us it may seem wonderful that the pa-

tient could live through such a course of treatment, for we should be inclined to think that to be compelled to drink a decoction made from any of these weeds was enough to make a healthy person sick instead of making well a sick person. Nevertheless many did get well, many were saved from having a long spell of sickness by taking their mother's remedies as a preventive, and many, perhaps, were kept well by the dread of having to submit to the treatment if they became sick. So that on the whole the good housewife was encouraged to add to her pharmacopoeia whenever she heard of a cure wrought by some remedy that she did not have in stock.

## CHAPTER TWO

### MRS. LE COMPT

MANY of the women of early Illinois, besides being excellent housekeepers and physicians extraordinary, were watchful students of affairs, especially of the relations of the whites and Indians, and their efforts were always directed towards making those relations more peaceful, more humane. The most prominent of those peace-making women was Mrs. LeCompt, who may justly be termed the "Frontier Angel."

Mrs. LeCompt was born of French parents, near what is now the town of St. Joseph, in Michigan. Her girlhood was spent among the Pottawattomie Indians. She moved to Mackinaw where she was married, and then with her husband moved to Chicago, and later to Cahokia. All through life she had the Indians for neighbors. She learned the dialects of many of the tribes, and so was able to gain an insight into their character and acquire an influence over them, which several times saved

*What will not woman, gentle woman dare,*
*When strong affection stirs her spirit up?*

*—Southey*

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the feeble French settlements from destruction.

When George Rogers Clark conquered the Illinois country from the English, the French inhabitants sided with the Americans and aided them to the best of their ability. This angered the English, and they incited the Indians to attack their former friends. Many a meditated attack upon Cahokia were frustrated by Mrs. LeCompt. So great was the friendship of the Indians for her that they could not bear to have her in the village when it should be attacked, for fear she would be injured, and so informed her of the time of the intended onslaught. On such occasions she would go alone to the camp of the hostiles, and plead with them to refrain from carrying out their evil intentions. At times she would remain among them for days pleading for the sparing of her village, and counseling peace; and her efforts were always successful. It was no uncommon sight on such occasions to see this remarkable woman leading a band of warriors to the village, changed from foes to friends, with their faces painted black to indicate their sorrow for ever having intended to massacre their dear friends.

Mrs. LeCompt was married three times, re-

tained the name of her second husband, and died at Cahokia in 1843, at the ripe age of 109 years.

MRS. JOHN EDGAR

It would be a mistake to suppose that the women of early Illinois, although good housekeepers and brave in facing the trying circumstances by which they were often surrounded, were rude in manners and lacking in the culture and refinement which are usually found in older communities. This was true, no doubt, of the majority but not of all. In the last decade of the 18th century Kaskaskia was the home of many people of refined and polished manners. Among these was Mrs. John Edgar, who presided with dignity and grace over her husband's splendid mansion, the abode of hospitality and a resort of the *elite* for nearly half a century. "It was in the spacious and elegantly furnished rooms of this house that LaFayette, on his visit to Illinois in 1825, was sumptuously entertained by a banquet and ball."[1]

Mrs. Edgar was famous not only as a social leader, but her name merits high praise as a Revolutionary heroine as well. By birth, edu-

[1]Davidson and Stuvé: History of Illinois, page 229.

cation and sympathy she was American, but her husband was an officer in the British navy, fighting against the colonies in their struggle for liberty. By her gracious manner, shrewdness, and patriotic devotion to her country, she won over her husband to the American cause, being aided, possibly, by his disgust at the conduct of the British in inciting the Indians to massacre white women and children. Not only so but she was the projector of many plans by which soldiers in the British army were induced to desert and join the ranks of the patriots. She had upon one occasion arranged a plan for the escape of three soldiers and was to furnish them with guns, American uniforms, and all needed information to enable them to reach the patriot camp. When they came she was absent from home, but her husband, a confidant of all her operations, notwithstanding his position in the enemy's navy, supplied them with the outfit prepared by his wife. But the deserters were caught, returned to the British camp, and compelled to divulge the names of their abettors. Mr. Edgar was arrested and sent in irons to Quebec. He managed to escape and joined the American army, where he gained the friendship of Lafayette and other leading officers.

Deeming it safer for his life to seek greater seclusion, he came to Kaskaskia. His property at Detroit was confiscated; but the rare sagacity of his patriotic and devoted wife, who remained in that city, enabled her to save $12,000 from the wreck; with this she joined her husband in his western home.

The Edgars were for many years the wealthiest family in Illinois. This wealth was secured by the making and sale of salt, the making of flour, and fortunate speculations in land. Mr. Edgar was chief justice of Illinois, under the Northwest Territory in 1790, and later became a general in the militia. These positions gave the family a high social standing, which the accomplished wife, with the great wealth at her command, was well qualified to maintain.

### MRS. ROBERT MORRISON

Another talented woman of the early days was Mrs. Robert Morrison, whose maiden name was Donaldson. She was a native of Baltimore and a member of one of the wealthiest and most aristocratic families of that city. She received an excellent education, being what Reynolds in his Pioneer History is pleased to term "a finished and classic

scholar."[1] The same author tells us that she possessed a strong, original and sprightly mind, and that she was endowed with strong perceptions and much originality of thought.

Miss Donaldson's somewhat romantic disposition and a desire to know more of the West led her to accompany her brother, in 1805, on one of his business trips to St. Louis. It is fair to suppose that a young woman of such graces of mind and body would soon have many admirers among the susceptible young men of the West. Hence we are not surprised to learn that she was married the next year to Robert Morrison, a rich trader of Kaskaskia.

Mrs. Morrison possessed great energy and activity of mind. Reynolds, already quoted, states that "Her delight and home were in the rosy field of poetry." Be that as it may, it is certain that some of her poems were decided by competent critics to be far above medium. Her most ambitious literary undertaking was the remodeling of the Psalms of David. This work she presented to the officials of the Presbyterian church of Philadelphia to be used in the public services in place of the version then used. After a critical examination the min-

[1]Reynolds: Pioneer History, page 165.

isters refused to make the change, their refusal being based on the fact that the new version, although quite meritorious, was the work of an unknown individual.

Mrs. Morrison's pen was never idle. She wrote many articles, both prose and poetry, for one of the leading magazines of Philadelphia, and was a welcomed contributor to several local and Eastern newspapers.

The field of politics was not unknown to her. She explored it so thoroughly that she was able to write intelligently not only upon the political questions of the day, but also on the fundamental principles upon which the science of politics rests.

Mr. Morrison was a man of wealth, and being socially inclined and very proud of his wife, encouraged her to entertain quite freely. And so the Morrison mansion extended its hospitality to all eminent strangers who visited that part of the country, as well as to the local celebrities. It was especially the center at which gathered the literati of the immediate valley of the Mississippi.

The subject of our sketch entered thoroughly into an investigation of the various religious systems. As a result she became a Presbyterian; but on further investigation and

reflection she entered the Catholic church. Believing that that was the only church and that out of it there was no salvation, she devoted her powers to the making of converts to that faith. And through her energy, example, and influence, nearly all who belonged in her social circle became Catholics. She died at Belleville in 1843.

## CHAPTER THREE

### MRS. MARY A. BICKERDYKE

PERHAPS the reason why woman occupies so small a space in the history of the State is because her efforts have been always for peace, and peace is too modest to blazon forth its own merits. The husbands and brothers go forth to battle cheered by the multitude and inspired by the rolling drum and the braying trumpet; the wives and sisters work in quiet and escape the notice of the thoughtless crowd. The soldier goes forth to destroy life, his sister labors to preserve it, and destruction arrests attention more readily than does preservation. One brings sorrow and suffering into the homes of the land, the other tries to alleviate sorrow and pour the oil of consolation into the wounded hearts.

The Civil War gave woman a great opportunity for her merciful ministrations, and she rose grandly to the occasion. Heroically she followed in the wake of the destroying soldier and bound up the wounds which he had made. Patiently she nursed back to strength the form

reflection she entered the Catholic church. Believing that that was the only church and that out of it there was no salvation, she devoted her powers to the making of converts to that faith. And through her energy, example, and influence, nearly all who belonged in her social circle became Catholics. She died at Belleville in 1843.

*O, woman! in our hours of ease,*
*Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,*

* * * * *

*When pain and anguish wring the brow,*
*A ministering angel thou.*

—*Scott*

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The Civil War gave woman a great opportunity for her merciful ministrations, and she rose grandly to the occasion. Heroically she followed in the wake of the destroying soldier and bound up the wounds which he had made. Patiently she nursed back to strength the form

wasted by disease, and reverently she knelt by the dying and spoke words of comfort that quieted and soothed the perturbed spirit about to depart from earth.

Of the many noble women of Illinois who served as nurses during the fratricidal struggle, no one rendered greater service to the soldier than did "Mother Bickerdyke."

Mrs. Mary A. Bickerdyke was living in Galesburg when the war broke out. She was forty-four years old, and had considerable experience as a nurse. "Her well-known skill as a nurse, the fertility of her resources, her burning patriotism, and her possession of that rare combination of qualities which we call 'common sense,' had always enabled her to face any emergency. At the suggestion of the ladies of Galesburg, who wanted to do something for the country, Mrs. Bickerdyke went to Cairo in 1861, where in that first year of the war there was little order, system, or discipline."

Many of the soldiers were sick owing to the change of water, the change of climate, and the change in their manner of living. The loyal people of Cairo aided her in her unpaid labors, hired a room for her, which she turned into a sick-diet kitchen, in which she prepared

suitable food for the sick from articles sent to her by the Chicago Sanitary Commission.

After the battle of Fort Donelson, Mother Bickerdyke went from Cairo in the first hospital boat, and assisted in the removal of the wounded to Cairo, St. Louis, and Louisville. The hospital boats at that time were poorly equipped for transporting the wounded. But this thoughtful woman, who made five trips from the battle field to the hospital, put on board the boat with which she was connected, before it started from Cairo, an abundance of necessaries. She was able to do this because the loyal women of Illinois, through their Sanitary Commission, were keeping her supplied with what experience was showing was most helpful to the soldiers. A volunteer surgeon, who was with her on the boat, declared, "I never saw anybody like her. There was really nothing for us surgeons to do but dress wounds and administer medicine. She drew out clean shirts or drawers from some corner whenever they were needed. Nourishment was ready for every man as soon as he was brought on board. Every one was sponged from blood and the frozen mire of the battle-field, as far as his condition allowed. His blood-stiffened, and sometimes horribly filthy

uniform, was exchanged for soft and clean hospital garments. Incessant cries of Mother! Mother! Mother! rang through the boat, in every note of beseeching anguish. And to every man she turned with a heavenly tenderness, as if he were indeed, her son. She moved about with a decisive air, and gave directions in such a positive manner as to ensure prompt obedience. We all had an impression that she held a commission from the Secretary of War, or at least, from the Governor of Illinois."

As a matter of fact she held no official position, whatever, at this time, and received no compensation for her services. Later she was taken into the service of the United States, and received the munificent wages of thirteen dollars a month.

When she entered upon her labors as a nurse she adopted all soldiers as her children, and faithfully and fondly, even, did she mother them. Not only did she care for them tenderly in the hospital; but after a battle she was often seen on the battle field, with her lantern, in the stillness of the night, groping among the dead and turning their cold faces towards her light, uneasy lest some wounded soldier might have been left uncared for.

The Chicago Sanitary Commission had unlimited confidence in the wisdom, integrity and efficiency of Mrs. Bickerdyke and kept her well supplied with such stores as were needed by the sick and wounded. Three days after the battle of Shiloh, the boats of the Sanitary Commission arrived at Pittsburg Landing laden with condensed food, stimulants, clothing, bedding, medicines, chloroform, surgical instruments, and carefully selected volunteer nurses and surgeons. Here Mother Bickerdyke was found carrying system, order, and relief wherever she went. One of the surgeons went to the rear with a wounded man, and found her wrapped in the gray overcoat of a Confederate officer, for she had given her blanket shawl to some poor fellow who needed it. She was wearing a soft slouched hat, having lost her inevitable shaker bonnet. Her kettles had been set up, the fires kindled underneath, and she was dispensing hot soup, tea, crackers, whiskey and water and other refreshments to the shivering, fainting, and wounded men.

"Where did you get these articles?" the surgeon inquired, "and under whose authority are you at work?" She paid no attention to his questions, indeed, it is doubtful if she

heard them, so absorbed was she in her work of mercy. Watching her with admiration for her skill and intelligence, for she not only fed the wounded men, but temporarily dressed their wounds in some cases, he addressed her again:

"Madam, you seem to combine in yourself a sick-diet kitchen and a medical staff. May I inquire under whose authority you are working?"

Without pausing in her work, she answered him, "I have received my authority from the Lord God Almighty; have you anything that ranks higher than that?" Believing thus, it may easily be inferred that she paid but slight attention to red tape, even to army red tape, which is the reddest of all red tape.

While at her work of mercy, she had several set-tos with army surgeons. One of these spats is related by Mrs. Mary Livermore, Mrs. Bickerdyke's biographer, and who was present at the time it occurred.

"I was in her hospital about noon," says Mrs. Livermore, "when the ward-master of the fourth story came to the kitchen, to tell her that the surgeon of that ward had not made his appearance, the special diet list for

the ward had not yet been made out, and the men were suffering for their breakfasts.

" 'Haven't had their breakfasts! Why didn't you tell me of this sooner? Here, stop! The poor fellows must be fed immediately.' And filling enormous tin pails and trays with coffee, soup, gruel, toast, and other like food, she sent half a dozen men ahead with them. Extending to me a six-gallon pail of hot soup, she bade me follow her, being freighted herself with a pail of similar size in each hand. I stood looking on at the distribution, when her clarion voice rang out to me in tones of authority: 'Come, make yourself alive, Mary Livermore! Try to be useful! Help these men!' I never knew anyone who deliberately disregarded her orders—I had no thought but to obey—and so I sat down to feed a man who was too weak to help himself.

"While we were all busy, the surgeon of the ward came in, looking as if he had just risen from sleeping off a night's debauch. Instantly there was a change in the tones of Mother Bickerdyke's voice, and in the expression of her face. She was no longer a tender, pitying, sympathizing mother, but Alecto herself.

" 'You miserable, drunken, heartless scala-

wag!' shaking her finger and head at him, threateningly, 'what do you mean by leaving these fainting, suffering men to go until now with nothing to eat, and no attention? Not a word, sir!' as he undertook to make an explanation. 'Off with your shoulder-straps, and get out of this hospital! I'll have them off in three days;' and she was as good as her word. He was dismissed from the service. He went to General Sherman and declared he had been dismissed on false charges. 'Who made the charges?' asked the general. 'Why—why—I suppose,' said the surgeon, 'it was that spiteful old woman, Mrs. Bickerdyke. 'Oh, well, then,' said Sherman, 'if it was she, I can't help you. She has more power than I—she ranks me.' And that closed the matter."

An incident that took place while she was in charge of the Gayoso hospital in Memphis will show the resourcefulness of the woman. She had great difficulty in obtaining eggs and milk for the sick and wounded. These could not be sent from the North, and the small quantity of each that could be bought in the city and vicinity was inadequate and of poor quality.

Approaching the medical director in charge

of the hospital, she accosted him one day with, "Doctor, do you know we are paying these Memphis secesh fifty cents for every quart of milk we use? And do you know it's such poor stuff—two-thirds chalk and water—that if you should pour it in the trough of a respectable pig at home, he would turn up his nose, and run off, squealing in disgust?"

"Well, what can we do about it?" asked the doctor.

"If you'll give me a thirty days' furlough and transportation, I'll go home, and get all the milk and eggs that the Memphis hospitals can use."

"Get milk and eggs! Why, you could not bring them down here, if the North would give you all it has. A barrel of eggs would spoil this warm weather before it could reach us; and how on earth could you bring milk?"

"But I'll bring down the milk and egg producers. I'll get cows and hens, and we'll have milk and eggs of our own. The folks at home, doctor, will give us all the hens and cows we need for the use of these hospitals, and jump at the chance to do it. You needn't laugh, nor shake your head!" as he turned away, amused and incredulous.

"I tell you," she insisted, "the people at the

North ache to do something for the boys down here, and I can get fifty cows in Illinois for just the asking."

"Pshaw! pshaw!" said the doctor, "you would be laughed at from one end of the country to the other, if you should go on so wild an errand."

"Fiddlesticks! Who cares for that? Give me a furlough and transportation, and let me try it."

So she came North and secured the cows with little difficulty. A few farmers in the central part of the State gave her a hundred without delay. They were sent to Springfield, whence Governor Yates had promised they should be shipped to Memphis, in herds of fifteen or twenty, with someone in charge of each herd to take care of the animals. And "Dick Yates, the soldiers' friend," kept his promise.

The hens, of which she received a large number, were sent to the rooms of the Sanitary Commission in Chicago. In less than a week the rooms were transformed into a large hennery. And the crowing, cackling, and quarreling were so incessant that the office force was glad to hasten the departure of their feathered guests. They were dispatched to

Memphis in four shipments, in coops containing about two dozens each.

Before her thirty days' leave of absence was ended, Mother Bickerdyke was on her way back, at the head of a unique procession of one hundred cows and a thousand hens, strung all along the route from Chicago to Memphis. She entered that city in triumph, amid great lowing, crowing and cackling, and informed the astonished Memphians that, "These are *loyal* cows and hens; none of your miserable trash that give chalk and water for milk, and lay loud-smelling eggs."

General Hurlburt, who was at the head of the department, hearing of this novel immigration within his lines, gave up to the noisy new-comers President's Island, lying in the Mississippi, opposite the city, and detailed a number of "contrabands" to take care of them. And as long as Mrs. Bickerdyke remained in Memphis there was an abundance of milk and eggs for the use of the hospitals.

General Sherman was Mother Bickerdyke's *beau ideal.* He was her great man and great soldier. She would always defend General Grant like a tigress if he were assailed; but it was clear to everyone that General Sherman was the special object of her idolatry. She

rated him higher than Grant, higher than Lincoln, and altogether superior as a soldier to Washington or Wellington.

General Sherman, on his side, fully appreciated Mother Bickerdyke; and when he was curt and repellant to all agents, nurses, and employes of the Sanitary, Christian and State Commissions, she had free admittance to his headquarters, and usually obtained any favors she chose to ask. There was something in her character akin to his own. Both were restless, impetuous, fiery, hard-working and indomitable, yet she confessed frankly that he sometimes tried her patience.

One of these occasions was when he was preparing for his Atlanta campaign. He had issued an order absolutely forbidding agents in charge of sanitary stores, or agents of any description to go over the road from Nashville to Chattanooga. He alleged as the reason for this prohibition that he wished the entire ability of the railroad devoted to strictly military operations. There was great distress in the hospitals south of Nashville, and that city was full of sanitary stores and agents who were anxious to minister to the needs of the sick and wounded, but were debarred from doing so by this order. Mother Bickerdyke

knowing the crying needs of the boys, determined to beard the lion in his den in spite of the advice and remonstrance of her friends, as General Sherman was not a man to be trifled with. But go she would and did, and made her appearance unexpectedly at headquarters in Chattanooga.

"Halloo! Why, how did you get down here?" asked one of the general's staff officers, as he saw her enter Sherman's headquarters.

"Came down in the cars, of course. There's no other way of getting here that I know of," replied the matter-of-fact woman. "I want to see General Sherman."

"He is in there writing," said the officer, pointing to an inner room; "but I guess he won't see you."

"Guess he will!" Good morning, General! I want to speak to you a moment. May I come in?"

"I should think you had got in!" answered the general, barely looking up, in great annoyance. "What's up now?"

"Why, General," said the earnest matron, in a perfect torrent of words, "we can't stand this last order of yours nohow. You'll have to change it, as sure as you live. We can get along without any more nurses and agents,

but the supplies we must have. The sick and wounded men need them, and you'll have to give permission to bring them down."

"Well, I am busy today, and cannot attend to you. I will see you some other time." But though Sherman kept on writing, and did not look up, Mrs. Bickerdyke saw a smile lurking in the corner of his mouth, and knew she would carry her point; so she persisted.

"No, General! don't send me away until you've fixed this thing as it ought to be fixed. You had me assigned to your corps, and told me that you expected me to look after the nursing of the men who needed it. But I should like to know how I can do this if I don't have anything to do with? Have some sense about it now, General."

There was a hearty laugh at this, and a little badinage ensued, which Mother Bickerdyke ended in her brusque way, "Well, I can't stand here fooling all day. Now, General, write an order for two cars a day to be sent down from the sanitary supplies at Nashville, and I'll be satisfied." The order was written, and for weeks all the sanitary stores sent from Nashville to Chattanooga, and the posts along the road, were sent directly or indirectly through the mediation of this noble woman.

It is to be regretted that the story of Mrs. Bickerdyke must be closed at this point. Only a few of the more important events in her career have been touched upon, and they rather lightly. None but the recording angel and herself know the importance of the work she did during the Civil War; and it is doubtful if she knows it, as she was too busy doing good to the bodies and souls of her boys in blue to keep a record of her own deeds.

## CHAPTER FOUR

### MRS. MARY A. LIVERMORE

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At the breaking out of the Civil War, she and her husband were residents of Chicago. Mr. Livermore was pastor of a prominent church and editor of "The New Covenant," a religio-literary newspaper. Or, perhaps it would be more proper to say that he and his wife were joint editors, as she wrote articles for every issue of the paper, even during the war when she was so busily engaged in making the lot of the sick and wounded soldiers a little less wretched than it otherwise would have been.

It was natural that Mrs. Livermore should be a loyal supporter of the Union and an unfaltering friend of those who fought to preserve it. Her father, himself the son of a

*How sweetly sounds the voice of a good woman!*
*It is so seldom heard that, when it speaks,*
*It ravishes all senses.*

*—Massinger*

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Revolutionary soldier, fought bravely through the War of 1812.

At the breaking out of the Civil War, the daughter was called to Boston, as her father was supposed to be dying. When the news of the fall of Fort Sumter reached him, he turned his face to the wall, and cried in anguish: "My God! now let me die, for I can not survive the ruin of my country!" But when President Lincoln's call for troops, and the hearty response with which it was greeted were read to him his health began to improve, and he lived to hear the glad tidings of Lee's surrender to Grant at Appomattox Court House.

On seeing a marked improvement in her father's health, Mrs. Livermore returned to Chicago where she found patriotism at a white heat. Boston at this crucial moment was grand, Chicago was overwhelming. Boston had its Faneuil Hall to re-awaken glorious memories, Chicago had its "Wigwam," now re-baptized and named National Hall and consecrated, not to party but to patriotism. And on the evening of the day that Fort Sumter surrendered, the great hall was packed with men and women who came to consecrate themselves to the cause of their country, and eight

days after the lowering of the flag in Charleston harbor, a force of Chicago volunteers were on their way to Cairo.

"The great uprising among men, who ignored party and politics, and forgot sect and trade, in the fervor of their quickened love of country, was paralleled by a similar uprising among women. The patriotic speech and song, which fired the blood of men, and led them to enter the lists as soldiers, nourished the self-sacrifice of women, and stimulated them to the collection of hospital supplies, and to brave the horrors and hardships of hospital life.

"If men responded to the call of country when it demanded soldiers by the hundred thousand, women planned money-making enterprises, whose vastness of conception and good business management, yielded millions of dollars to be expended in the interest of sick and wounded soldiers. If men faltered not, and went gayly to death, that the United States might remain intact and undivided, women strengthened them by accepting the policy of the government uncomplainingly. When the telegraph recorded for the country 'defeat' instead of 'victory,' and for their beloved, 'death' instead of 'life,' women contin-

ued to give the government their faith, and patiently worked and waited."[1]

Many women, however, could not wait patiently, but enlisted and fought bravely in the ranks. Most of these disguised themselves in men's clothing, and their sex was revealed only by accident or casualty. Others without any disguise, joined the commands in which their husbands served, and in the hour of battle their courage was equal to that of their male companions.

The most notable instance of this latter class was Madame Turchin, wife of the colonel of the 19th Illinois regiment. This lady was the daughter of a Russian officer, and was born and reared in foreign camps. She followed the fortunes of her husband in the Civil War, and accompanied him to the field. She was intensely loyal to the Union, and thoroughly American in her sympathies and interests. She was as popular with the men of her husband's regiment as she had been with the Russian soldiers commanded by her father. They went to her with their troubles, and she received them with kindness, a good deal of playful badinage, and very careful nursing when it was needed.

[1]My Story of the Civil War: Mary A. Livermore.

In the spring of 1862, when the 19th was actively engaged in Tennessee, Colonel Turchin was taken seriously ill, and was carried for days in an ambulance. His wife not only nursed him most tenderly, but took his place at the head of the regiment, and the men in the ranks as well as the subordinate officers yielded her implicit obedience, as they could see that she was equal to her husband in courage and military skill. Utterly devoid of fear, and manifesting perfect indifference to shot or shell, or minnie-balls, even when they fell thickly around her, she led the troops into action, facing the hottest fire, and fought bravely at their head. When her husband was able to resume his command, she gave herself again to the care of the sick and wounded, in the field hospital.

But while we must admire the bravery and patriotism of the women who risked their lives on the field of battle, we cannot believe that they rendered the noblest service to the country during those four terrible years of fratricidal war. It is nobler to heal wounds than it is to make them; more godlike to kindle hope in the hopeless, to nourish the wan and feeble, and restore them to health and vigor; and this is the blessed work to which the great body

of American women devoted themselves during the war. And it is no exaggeration to say that no one played a more important part in this work of salvation than did Mary A. Livermore.

When the war broke out the government was poorly prepared for it. The leaders of public opinion in the south had been planning secession for years, consequently that section was better prepared for the war than were the people of the north, who did not believe until Sumter was fired upon, that there would be a war. So, when the crisis came and the government rushed men into the field, many were without uniforms, some were without arms, and the commissary department was demoralized. The soldiers were actually suffering for food in a land of plenty. The change from the variety of wholesome food to which they were accustomed to the fat pork, hard-tack, and muddy coffee was so great and sudden that many became sick and went to the hospitals, or what was meant for hospitals, for hospitals in the modern sense of the term did not exist at the breaking out of the war. The sick had the same kind of food as the well. There were few nurses, and many of the sur-

geons were deficient in skill and lax in the discharge of their duties.

The patriotic women of the North, learning of the sad plight of their husbands, sons, and fathers, organized themselves into "Soldiers' Relief Societies," for the purpose of providing the soldiers from their respective neighborhoods with home comforts when well, and with hospital supplies and nurses when wounded or sick. The purpose of these societies was commendable and their zeal was great, but in many instances it was zeal without knowledge. Canned fruits and jars of jam and marmalade were sometimes packed with clothing, books and stationery, photographs and comfort bags. Baggage cars were soon flooded with fermenting sweetmeats, and broken pots of jelly, decaying fruit, and pastry and cake in a demoralized condition, and many of the packages were lost *en route.*

It was this disheartening condition that led to the organization of the Sanitary Commission. The country was divided into departments, and at the head of each were capable men and women who devoted gratuitously their entire time to the work. The department of the Northwest had for its receiving and distributing point the city of Chicago; and at its

head were Mrs. Livermore and Mrs. Hoge, ably assisted by two or three of the most prominent men of the city. Rooms were obtained and able assistants engaged. Into these rooms poured the freewill offering of the Northwest. Every box and package were opened, the contents assorted and repacked, so that each contained but one line of goods.

Here were packed and shipped to the battlefields or hospitals 77,660 packages of sanitary supplies. Every box received at headquarters, and sometimes every article had notes fastened to them. Where the notes were sealed, the seals were never broken, so their contents were known only to the sender and receiver. But many of the notes were unsealed, and some of those were read. Mrs. Livermore in her book, "My Story of the Civil War," gives a few of those, four of which I have copied. In a pair of socks was found this:

"My Dear Boy,—I have knit these socks expressly for *you*. How do you like them? How do you look, and where do you live when you are at home? I am nineteen years old, of medium height, of slight build, with blue eyes, fair complexion, light hair, and a good deal of it. Write and tell me all about yourself,

and how you get on in the hospital. Direct to———

P. S.—If the recipient of these socks has a wife, will he please exchange socks with some poor fellow not so fortunate.

A nicely made dressing gown, large enough to fit Falstaff, had one huge pocket filled with hickory nuts and the other with gingersnaps, and both sewed to prevent the contents from dropping out. On this was the following note:

"My Dear Fellow,—Just take your ease in this dressing gown. Don't mope and have the blues, if you are sick. Moping never cured anybody yet. Eat your nuts and cakes, if you are well enough, and snap your fingers at dull care. I wish I could do more for you, and if I were a man I would come and fight with you. Woman though I am, I'd like to help hang Jeff Davis higher than Haman—yes, and all who aid and abet him, too, whether North or South."

In one box was found a bushel of cookies, tied in a pillow-case, on which was fastened this brief note:

"These cookies are expressly for the sick

soldiers, and if anybody else eats them, *I hope they will choke him.*"

One more note so as to give a variety. On a neatly arranged package of second-hand clothing, but little worn, was found this explanation:

"The accompanying articles were worn for the last time by one very dear to the writer, who lost his life at Shiloh. They are sent to our wounded soldiers as the most fitting disposition that can be made of them, by one who has laid the husband of her youth—her all—on the altar of her country."

Not only were the women interested in providing supplies for the sick and wounded soldiers, but even the children became enthusiastic in the work. In nearly every city of the Northwest fairs and festivals were held by the younger people, who collected considerable sums of money by this means, as well as by the sale of articles made by themselves. Besides the sums which they contributed collectively, individual boys and girls gave their scanty hoardings with glad hearts. One little fellow who often thrust his dirty face into headquarters and startled the inmates with the shrill cry of "Matches! Matches!" walked up to Mrs. Livermore's desk one day, and handed

her fifty cents all in five-cent currency, saying "I'll give yer suthin for them āre sick fellers!" She hesitated about taking it, saying, "No, my boy; don't give it. I am afraid you cannot afford it. You're a noble little fellow, but that is more than you ought to give. You keep it, and I'll give fifty cents for you—or somebody else will." "Git eout!" was his disgusted reply. "Yer take it now. P'raps I ain't so poor as yer think. My father, he saws wood, and my mother, she takes in washin', and I sells matches, and Tom, he sells papers, and p'raps were got more money than yer think."

What could she do but accept his offering. And forgetting his dirty face and touseled hair she stooped down to kiss him. But divining her intention he darted out on the sidewalk as if he had been shot. "No, yer don't!" he said, shaking his tangled head at her, and looking as if he had escaped a great danger. "I ain't one o' that kissin' sort."

Mrs. Livermore and those associated with her at the Chicago headquarters, not only received, re-packed, and distributed the numerous supplies sent to them, but she visited the hospitals frequently to see how the sick and wounded were cared for. And her visits always brought cheer and hope. Her presence

was a balm to many of the brave unfortunates. Her ministrations were often more efficient than the skill of the surgeon. And it is within the bounds of truth to say that she saved as many lives as did even the most skillful of the medical staff. Her bright, cheery words dispelled despondency and kindled hope in the hearts of many who had given up all expectation of ever again seeing home or friends.

She sent trained nurses where their services were needed most, and furnished them with supplies for those under their care. Through her efforts many soldiers obtained sick furloughs and were permitted to go home to recuperate. She obtained their back pay for hundreds, and wrote scores of letters every day for men who were so maimed or weak that they could not write. She never failed to answer every letter received from a soldier, or from a soldier's relatives inquiring about him, and she was always ready and willing to feed all hungry soldiers who called at headquarters, and advise them as to the best route to their homes.

Not only did she make several trips to the hospitals in the southland, but she frequently traveled over the Northwest urging the women to greater efforts, as the demands on the re-

sources of the Commission were great and urgent, and nobly did the women respond. Every city, town and village had its fair, festival, or picnic party for the purpose of obtaining money to be spent for the sick and wounded soldiers, but still the supply was not equal to the demand. Not that the patriotism or zeal of the loyal women of the Northwest was diminishing in the least, but that the number needing aid had wofully increased.

After considering the matter carefully, Mrs. Livermore and her able assistant, Mrs. Hoge, decided to replenish the treasury by holding a grand fair in which the entire Northwest would take part. They consulted the gentlemen of the Commission who languidly approved of the plan, and laughed at the idea of raising $25,000 by the enterprise. The ladies were not discouraged, however. They called upon all the aid societies of the Northwest to send representatives to a mass meeting of women to be held in Chicago. The response was very general. These delegates entered heartily into Mrs. Livermore's plans, and returned to their homes filled with holy enthusiasm for the cause, and as a result the entire Northwest was aroused in behalf of the sick and wounded soldiers as never before.

Circulars were sent out by the scores of thousands. The newspapers published free of charge all material sent to them. An extensive correspondence was opened with governors, congressmen, members of legislatures, and ministers of the gospel. The ministers aided very much by advertising the fair from their pulpits, and urging their people to take an active part in the matter as a religious duty.

The amount of correspondence carried on by the central office was well-nigh incredible, as may be seen by the fact that on one occasion "seventeen bushels of mail matter, all of it relating to the fair," were sent out, and the answers were emphatic. Instead of $25,000, the ladies cleared nearly $100,000; and they richly deserved their victory.

This fair of 1863 was followed by others in different parts of the country. But although they brought large sums of money into the treasury of the general Commission, none aroused the enthusiasm that this did.

Owing to an incident that took place in connection with this fair, Mrs. Livermore made a vow that when the war was over, she would take up a new work—the work of making law and justice equal for men and women. This vow she kept religiously. So soon as the war

was over, she ascended the lecture platform from which she addressed audiences of thousands. And although these were the days of brilliant platform speakers, there was no abler advocate of legal equality for men and women than Mary A. Livermore.

## CHAPTER FIVE

### FRANCES ELIZABETH WILLARD

PEACE hath its victories as well as war. Turning aside from war with all its horrors, let us see what a few of the women of Illinois have done along the paths of peace.

The greatest change that has taken place in this country since the Civil War is a social one. And in no way, perhaps, has society changed so much as in its attitude towards the use of intoxicating liquors. Before the war its use was very general, even by respectable people. It was considered by many that no social function could be a success unless liquor was very much in evidence; and hospitality without it was considered a misnomer. It was used freely in all classes of society. The farmer could not harvest his grain nor "raise" his barn without it. The merchant kept it in the room back of his store to treat his customers and so retain their trade. All classes of tradesmen treated their patrons; if they did not their business was sure to suffer. And it goes with the saying that the politi-

*A lady with a Lamp shall stand*
*In the great history of the land,*
*A noble type of good,*
*Heroic womanhood.*

*—Longfellow*

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cians, especially the seekers for office, were very liberal in treating the "sovereign voters." If they neglected this part of their campaigning there was a probability that the free and patriotic sovereigns would be heard cheering on election day for the opposing candidates who furnished the stimulant.

Now all of this is changed. The use of liquor at social gatherings is no longer deemed necessary. Indeed its use on such occasions is condemned by all respectable people. Alcoholic stimulants are no longer regarded as needful accessories to good-fellowship. Neither are they considered helpful in the performance of intellectual or manual labor. On the contrary they have been proven to be harmful. They cloud the brain, shatter the nerves, render the muscles flaccid, and weaken the will, so that no one of these can perform its proper work. This fact has become so apparent that railroad corporations and other large employers of labor will not keep a man in their employ who is addicted to the use of intoxicants; some roads going so far as to require entire abstinence on the part of those in their service.

The farmer has learned that his harvesting will be done as well, or even better, without the presence of the little brown jug in the

field or the decanter on the table. And public sentiment has been so educated that the merchant or tradesman who is known to use liquor himself and treat his customers is sure to drive away business, instead of gaining it, for the better class of customers lose confidence in him, and his rating with his creditors is sure to fall below par. And politicians, too, have grown wise. If they treat at all, they do so on the sly, as they are well aware that where liquor gains them one vote it may lose them three. Besides, the law in some of the states makes treating a fineable offense, especially when done with the purpose of influencing votes. And this wholesome change has been brought about largely through the labor of Miss Frances E. Willard.

Frances Elizabeth Willard was born at Churchville, New York, September 28, 1839. While quite young her family moved to Oberlin, Ohio, where her father taught for a few years. In 1846, the Willards moved to a farm near Janesville, Wisconsin. Mr. Willard built his house in the edge of a forest of oak and hickory trees that grew on the banks of the beautiful Rock river, with the prairie back of the grove. Because of its situation the farm was called "Forest Home."

The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Willard, Frances, her sister Mary and brother Oliver. Here the children lived a happy, carefree life for many years. Yet it must be said that Frances's happiness was clouded at times, as she did not like to do housework, or sew. Perhaps the only sewing which she ever did, without entering protest, was in making a flag for use in a Fourth of July celebration held in her own backyard. This flag she made by sewing red stripes and blue paper stars on an old pillowcase. Her delight was to ramble through the woods and over the prairie with her father and hear him talk interestingly about the various plants and flowers.

But while she abhorred housework, especially dishwashing, she was passionately fond of all boyish sports. Indeed it seemed in her case that nature made a mistake and embodied in feminine form strong masculine likes and dislikes. "When her brother walked on stilts, she walked on stilts just as high; when he played marbles, she knelt on the ground and shot with an accuracy that any boy might well envy; when he pitched horseshoes she pitched horseshoes; when he played prisoner's base, she played, and there was none more fleet-footed; and when it was decided to take

a few slides down the haystack, she entered the sport with vigor."[1] And she enjoyed drowning out a gopher and hitting him on the head with a shovel, as keenly as the boys did. She justified herself to her tender hearted sister by saying that the gopher destroyed their corn, so they had a right to destroy the gopher.

One of the great sorrows of those early days was that her father would not let her ride on horseback as her brother did. The only reason he gave for his decision was "girls should not ride as boys did." This reason was not satisfactory to Frances, so she determined that if she could not ride a horse she would ride a cow, and she began immediately to train for this purpose a cow which was her own property.

Oliver disapproved of the plan. Cows were not meant for riding purposes he said, their part in the economy of nature was to give milk, so he would not help even to the extent of making a halter. The hired man was more pliable, however, and he assisted in making such articles as were necessary. In the meantime Frances began training "Dime," the cow, by petting her and giving her extra feed, and in a short time she would come to her mistress

[1]Bernie Babcock: An Uncrowned Queen.

when called and follow her around as obediently as a dog.

At first the cow was trained to draw a sled, being equipped with the harness made by the hired man. It took some time to get her to draw the sled, but it was accomplished eventually, and then began the training for the saddle. The little girl was so anxious to have a ride that she had many a tumble before she could adjust herself to the awkward motions of her "steed," but she succeeded in her purpose. When the father heard of the "cowback" performance, he decided to let her ride on horseback, that being the less of two evils.

She also trained "Nig," the black goat, who became very serviceable on picnic occasions by carrying the lunch packed in saddlebags which hung over his back at a safe distance from his mouth.

When her brother was given a gun, she asked for one that she, too, might hunt, but her father would not grant the request, as he did not think that hunting was a proper thing for girls to do. Her brother laughed at her and said a gun would be of no service to her as she would be afraid to fire it off; girls were cowards anyway. To show him that she was not a coward she walked around the pasture

in front of his double-barreled gun, with the barrels loaded and the hammers cocked.

Since she could not have a gun, she would have something with which to shoot, so she became an expert with the bow. She had either read the story of William Tell, or someone had told it to her, and she determined to emulate his skill. She told Mary to stand beside a post through which was an augur hole. Mary's eyes came just even with the hole through which Frances shot arrow after arrow, so confident in her skill that she never once thought that if she missed the hole Mary's eye would be the cost. When this feat was related to her mother she shuddered at what might have been.

The education of the Willard girls proceeded in a desultory fashion until Frances was about twelve years of age, when Mrs. Willard succeeded in securing the services of Miss Burdick, an accomplished young lady from the East, who with her relatives moved recently to a farm not far from Forest Home. Mrs. Willard's parlor was used as a schoolroom. Here, seated around a large table made by Mr. Willard and fitted with shelves for books, sat Frances, Mary, and two neighboring little girls, all so in love with their teacher

that learning was a pleasure, and not a task. Frances liked not only her teacher, but her schoolmates as well. One of the little strangers was so good natured that nothing could vex her. Frances stepped on her toes one day hoping to make her frown at least, but the victim smiled sweetly at her which caused the tormenter to feel ashamed of herself and to stop tormenting.

From her earliest schooldays, composition as an important part of an education was brought to the attention of Frances, and at an early age she became impressed with the dignity of authorship. With her usual foresight, she determined that if she was to write she must have privacy, and after considerable search she found a place well suited for her purpose. Near the front gate grew a tall oak tree, several of whose branches were so arranged as to make a comfortable seat. Close to this seat she fastened a box in which to keep writing materials. And to guard against intrusion she painted a sign, reading, "Beware of the Eagle's Nest," and nailed it to the tree, believing that no person thus warned would disturb her.

Her first attempt at composition was in the first school she attended. She had con-

siderable trouble in selecting a topic, but she finally decided to write about a favorite kitten. It took Miss Burdick, the teacher, some time to read this first composition, and Frances herself was not sure of some of the words.

During the two years that the children were taught at their home by Miss Burdick, Mr. Willard and his neighbors were building a schoolhouse. The completion of this schoolhouse marked an epoch in the lives of the Forest Home children. It was never painted inside or out; yet, it was a real schoolhouse, and as such gained great distinction in the neighborhood, partly, perhaps, because a live man teacher from Oberlin was to preside there.

The girls were very much excited at the prospect of attending school in a truly schoolhouse. Oliver prophesied trouble for Frances, for he did not believe that a girl who played Jehu to calves, reapers, and plow-beams, as she did, would take kindly to sitting still all day and not whispering to her dearest friend even; so he said he expected a riot—a rumpus, a row—before the first month was out. To this Frances answered in her loftiest manner, "Wait and see."

But neither compositions nor diary writ-

ing satisfied the literary ambition of this young lady. She longed to be the author of an entire book—something intensely stirring and exciting. So she began a great novel, entitled, "Rupert Melville and His Comrades; a Story of Adventure." Oliver declared there were so many characters in the story that she could not possibly kill them off in less than a thousand pages. The story was never finished, as before she reached the thrilling climax which she had planned, the young writer decided to try poetry, which she did with marked success for one so young.

Frances had a strong desire to see something from her pen in print. So she wrote an article which she sent by the hired man to a Janesville paper. It was not published, and the editor in referring to it, said he knew it was written by a man. Still desirous of seeing her name in print, she set out one day to secure subscribers for a little paper which promised to print the names of every boy and girl who sent in names of subscribers. But, alas! for human expectations, when her name appeared it was spelled with an "i" where should be an "e"; which led her to say that the publishers seemed to think that a girl could not amount to anything in the world anyway,

as one claimed the article sent to him was written by a man, and this one writes the name like a boy's.

It will be evident to any one who reads these lines that Frances E. Willard was of a very independent turn of mind. He will be fully confirmed in this belief when he reads of a conversation between herself and her father on the day when she was eighteen years of age. After celebrating the event by writing a poem in which she gloried in her freedom, she sat down to read "Ivanhoe," a book forbidden by her father.

Deep in the pleasure of the story she was interrupted by her father's voice, asking sternly, "What have you there?"

"One of Scott's novels," she answered.

"Have I not forbidden you to read novels?"

"You have; and in the main I've kept faith with you in this; but you forget what day it is."

"What day, indeed! I should like to know if the day has anything to do with the deed!"

"Indeed it has—I am eighteen—I am of age—I am now to do what *I* think right; I am to obey God's law alone; and to read this

fine historical story is, in my opinion, a right thing for me to do."

For a moment Mr. Willard stood speechless, almost doubting his own ears, then he laughed, and calling Mrs. Willard, said, "She is evidently a chip of the Puritan block;" and to Frances he said, "Well, we will try to learn God's laws and obey them together, my child."

The day that brought Frances freedom in one way, brought her thraldom in another—thraldom to the conventionalities. Her mother insisted that she must have her hair done up in woman fashion and to wear long dresses. In describing her "martyrdom," as she terms it, she says "My back hair is twisted up like a cork-screw; I carry eighteen hairpins; my head aches miserably; my feet are entangled in the skirt of my hateful new gown. I can never jump over a fence again as long as I live. As for chasing the sheep, down in the shady pasture, it's out of the question, and to climb to my 'Eagle's nest' seat in the big oak tree would ruin this new frock beyond repair. Altogether I recognize the fact that my 'occupation's gone.'"

The Willard sisters having all the education they could obtain in the district school, it was decided to send them to the Milwaukee Fe-

male College, in which one of Mrs. Willard's sisters was a teacher. Here they stayed one year and acquitted themselves very creditably.

At the close of the summer vacation, Mr. Willard decided to send his daughters to the Northwestern Female College, a new school established recently at Evanston, Illinois. Sadly they bade adieu to the familiar haunts and objects at Forest Home—never again to be their home.

With the natural curiosity of the average school girl, the students already at the college waited the coming of the Wisconsin girls. After close inspection it was decided that the new girls were entirely satisfactory from an artistic standpoint. Mary, though younger than her sister, was taller and very graceful, but no more attractive than Frances, whose bright red hair had turned to a golden brown, and whose eyes were as bright as the June sky; and her shapely hands and feet were admired by all.

The question of appearance having been decided in their favor, their ability as students remained to be tested. Little was said of Mary, although she was always a faithful and thorough student, but Frances's brilliancy won the admiration of both students and teachers

from the beginning. "My, but can't the new girl recite! She beats us all!" were remarks heard at the close of the first day's recitations.

Her companions soon discovered that while Frances was kind and generous, she could not be imposed upon with safety. This fact she impressed forcefully upon her associates on a memorable occasion.

Mr. Willard was a good man and a fond father, but his artistic taste was not very highly developed, especially as to the harmonious blending of colors. Without consulting their wishes he purchased two red yarn hoods for his daughters, with which neither was pleased. The hood looked well enough on Mary whose complexion was different from that of Frances, but on Frances it was so out of harmony with her hair, that using her own words, she "hated it with a hatred and a half."

To wear the hated head dress was punishment enough for one of her artistic temperament, but to be made sport of for what she could not help was more than she could bear with patience. So when the daughter of a wealthy family took especial pains to make the unfortunate hood the target for her ridicule, Frances warned her to stop doing so, but she paid no attention to the warning. Conse-

quently, one day when she was especially spiteful in her foolishness, Frances stepped up and struck her a blow that laid her flat on the floor. The ridicule stopped, and the tormenter became one of Frances's most ardent friends.

The "wildest girl" in school was another of her friends. From the first day of their acquaintance they were almost inseparable. The seventy rules of the school, which Frances on her entrance determined to keep, were soon brushed aside through the influence of the new friend. The two soon gathered around them a group of kindred spirits known in the school as the "ne'er-do-weels."

It will be readily inferred by the reader that Frances was not a professed Christian at this time. But while this was true, it was also true that she had too much respect for sacred things to be intentionally irreverent. It could not well be otherwise with the training she had from childhood.

At the head of a small company of the "wild set" she went to a prayer meeting which was being held one afternoon in the room of one of the "good girls." No sooner had she entered the room than she was given a bible and asked to lead the meeting. Seeing no way out of the predicament, she took the bible,

and after reading a few verses, said "Let us pray," and every girl in the room but one of her own set knelt. Seeing this, Frances exclaimed with great disapproval, "Lineburger, why don't you kneel down and behave! If you don't you're a disgrace to yourself and the Lineburger tribe." And not wishing to disgrace her entire tribe, Lineburger knelt.

One of the books owned by her special friend at this time was "Jack Sheppard." This Frances read with great relish and gained from it an inspiration to play pirate. In order to make the play as realistic as possible under the circumstances, they provided themselves with boots, wooden pistols, and soda pop as a substitute for liquor. And as pirates were regarded as inveterate smokers, the girls secured cigars, which they lighted and converted into as much smoke as possible, thinking the school authorities would never be the wiser.

In the midst of a splendid strutting scene, however, when boots were much in evidence and soda pop handy, one of the lady teachers, drawn by the scent of the cigar smoke, appeared upon the scene much to the dismay of the pirates. They expected to receive a severe scolding, but the teacher simply said in a pleas-

ant voice, "Well if this is not fortunate. The mosquitoes have almost driven me out of my room this hot night, and if you girls will just come in and smoke them out it will be a great favor to me." The young ladies could not well do otherwise than to march to the teacher's room, where they had the mortification of sitting some time with boots and cigars. This was all the punishment they ever received, but it was enough. It caused piracy to go into a marked decline, and boots and cigars to disappear from the pirates' haunts.

The strong attachment between Frances and her fascinating friend, the "wild girl," decided Mr. and Mrs. Willard to move from Forest Home to Evanston, so the girls could again be under the watchful care of their parents. The new home was surrounded by extensive grounds which Mr. Willard named "Swampscott." This was adorned with flowers and shrubs from the old home, so that it might look all the more homelike to the children. Here they lived together until the children graduated.

At this point it becomes necessary to chronicle what, perhaps, was the greatest disappointment in the life of Frances E. Willard. She was chosen valedictorian of her class, her

white graduating gown was ready, and the young lady was looking forward with high hopes to the great day on which she should wear it and occupy the center of the stage, the observed of all observers. Before that day arrived, however, she was taken sick and had to stand a long siege of typhoid fever. Her diploma was sent to her by her sister Mary, and there was no valedictory address.

With her spirit of independence, her desire to live a life with a purpose, and her constant longing to help make the world better and happier it was an impossibility for Miss Willard to live an inactive, dependent life. So after considering the matter for some time, she decided, notwithstanding her father's objections, to be a school teacher. She applied to the County Superintendent for a position, but it was so late that there was but one school without a teacher, and that was a small one in an undesirable locality. This she accepted to the great annoyance of her father who believed that women folks should stay at home with their husbands and fathers.

On arriving at the seat of learning over whose destinies she was to preside for months to come, she found that the boys who had already assembled had been enjoying themselves

fighting and breaking the windows. But when she called them to order, they selected for the opening song, "I want to be an Angel," and sung it with great heartiness, if with little melody.

After teaching country schools in several places until she had proven her ability to her own satisfaction, she obtained a position in the Evanston schools. She was proud of this position, although it was a difficult one. She was known to nearly all of the people of the town, many of whom did not think she would succeed because of her youthfulness; and she had to demonstrate her fitness. Besides, some of the larger boys gave trouble at first, objecting to being under the control of a young woman. But upon Miss Willard enforcing discipline with a stick, some of the boys seeing her coming towards them jumped out of the window and never returned, leaving the courageous young woman monarch of all she surveyed.

The first great sorrow that entered into the life of Frances E. Willard was caused by the death of her sister Mary. The sisters loved each other dearly, and the departure of the younger one, gentle and lovable as she always was, left the older one disconsolate and bowed

down with grief, yet it had a marked refining influence upon her life and character.

After the death of Mary the Willard family were so heartbroken that in a few weeks the home was given up, and Frances was elected preceptress in the Northwestern Female College, where she had been a pupil three years before. From this school she went to the Pittsburg College, and then to the Genesee Seminary. While here she became acquainted with Miss Katherine Jackson, and the acquaintance had a marked influence upon her life.

Miss Jackson was the only daughter of a wealthy eastern manufacturer. Owing to the fact that her mother had died when she was a child she spent much of her time in traveling. One day she surprised Frances by saying, "Go home with me at Christmas, for I am bound to coax my father to agree that we make the tour of Europe."

Mr. Willard's failing health stopped the plan for awhile, but his sickness proving fatal, the self-sacrificing mother urged her daughter to accept the generous offer of her friend, while she herself would visit Oliver who was now married and living on a farm in Wisconsin.

The travelers visited all the countries of Europe, staying several days in each of the principal cities. Frances was a very careful observer and a close student of social conditions. Even at this early day the condition of woman in the various countries arrested her attention. Their hard lot had succeeded in brutalizing many of them, and through them was sure to brutalize their offspring. Even in cultured Berlin she saw women harnessed with dogs to vegetable wagons, standing meekly in the market place waiting for their liege lord to give them the word of command to move on; and he sometimes emphasized his command by using his whip on both woman and dog. On witnessing such scenes the question often arose, "Why are these things so? Why is not the man harnessed with the dog and the woman doing the driving?" And as yet she could not formulate a satisfactory answer.

After "doing" Europe our tourists visited Egypt, sailed on the Nile, climbed the pyramids, and stood in the burial chamber of him at whose word arose the greatest of human structures. Separating themselves from the fleas of Egypt, our friends sailed from Port Said to Joppa, and from there went to Jerusalem which they found to be one of the most

disagreeable and dismal cities which they had seen, its streets being narrow and filthy and its inhabitants not over-clean. They visited nearly all places of biblical interest, going as far as Damascus where they visited a slave market in which they saw women and girls sold into slavery.

After spending a month in Palestine, Miss Willard and her friend visited Constantinople and Athens. Of the latter city she speaks in terms of high praise. Its wide, clean streets and smooth sidewalks were in strong contrast to the narrow, filthy streets of the Orient. And the travelers found its spacious stores and clean hotels very restful after their experience in the cramped bazaars and flea-ridden inns of the east. On their way home they again visited Paris, London, and Liverpool, from which place they sailed for the United States after an absence of two years.

Shortly after returning home Miss Willard was elected preceptress in the Northwestern University. Up to this time she had given the subject of intemperance no special thought, but the women's crusade against the saloon, which broke out in Hillsboro, Ohio, and spread through the state called her attention to the subject. And it required only a limited

study of the results effected by the liquor traffic to convince her that in it was to be found the monster iniquity of the age, the breeder of poverty and vice, the enemy of justice, the destroyer of homes, and the debaucher of manhood. As she mused on these things, the fires of the desire to make the world better that had long smouldered in her soul broke into an irresistible flame, and the great, untried field of a temperance reformer called upon her to enter it. She resigned her position in the university and threw in her lot with the devoted women whose motto was, "For God and Home and Native Land."

Her career as a temperance reformer is so well known from one end of the land to the other that it is not necessary to dwell upon it here. She was not engaged in the cause very long until she became satisfied that it was handicapped by woman's exclusion from the ballot box. From this time on she plead earnestly for giving woman the right to vote. And as she became satisfied that the only way to obtain this privilege was through politics she threw her influence and that of the Women's Christian Temperance Unions, so far as she could control them, in favor of the prohibition party.

Many friends of temperance regarded this

as a serious mistake. They believed that the Unions should have kept out of politics, and that their endorsement of equal suffrage weakened their cause. Be this as it may, it is true that Miss Willard by voice and pen brought temperance and equal suffrage to the attention of men as was done never before. And it is due largely to her labors that the attitude of society towards the use of intoxicating liquors has changed so much, and for the better, in the last quarter century.

If Miss Willard had done nothing else than to inspire the women of the country "to make liquor-selling and liquor-drinking with consequent ruin to men and their families, hateful and disreputable before the world," she would be worthy of high praise. But in addition to her eloquent advocacy of temperance and of equal suffrage, she became the leader in this country of the "White Cross League," an organization pledged to equal purity for man and woman. And only God knows the effect of this movement upon the manners and morals of the youth of the country. But it is given even to us mortals to know that its influence has been great and beneficent.

Well may Illinois womanhood be proud of Frances Elizabeth Willard, who died February 18, 1898.

## CHAPTER SIX

### JANE ADDAMS

A CHICAGO man when asked to name the greatest man in America, is said to have replied, "Jane Addams." If greatness is to be measured by actual achievement for the benefit of humanity—and what better test can there be?—he came very near speaking the literal truth. Few people, at the close of a long life, can point to such a record of good work done as the founder of Hull House can look back upon at the age of fifty-one. This chapter which is based on her "Twenty Years at Hull House," falls far short of doing full justice to Miss Addams and her co-workers.

Jane Addams was born in Cedarville, Illinois, September 6, 1860. Her mother dying when she was an infant, her father became her confidant; to him she revealed the thoughts and fancies of her innocent heart. She was fortunate in her father who was a member of the society of Friends, a man of fine character and of high standing in the community, as was shown by his election to the state legisla-

*Woman's empire, holier, more refined,*
*Moulds, moves, and sways the fallen yet God-breathed*
*mind,*
*Lifting the earth-crushed heart to hope and heaven.*
*—Hale*

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ture in which he served with distinction for a number of years.

When Jane was eight years of age her father married again, but the marriage did not sever the confidential relations which existed between father and daughter. All through her childhood he continued to be the dominating influence in her life, and to hold her supreme affection. To have done anything that she thought would be displeasing to him caused her profound sorrow.

One night on thinking over the acts of the day, she remembered that she had told a lie. The remembrance caused her to toss about in her bed in the grip of a terrible fear that she might die before she could tell her father of her sin and go to a fiery hell which she had heard of from some of her playfellows, or from some foolish adults. Or perhaps her father might die before morning, and then she would have no opportunity to confess her sin to him and be forgiven. This thought so increased her anguish that she determined to go downstairs to her father's room and confess her fault. Her description of the journey is very pathetic and reveals the workings of a sensitive child's mind.

On reaching her father's bedside and un-

burdening her conscience, she invariably received the same answer, "that if he had a little girl who told lies, he was glad that she felt too bad to go to sleep afterwards." No forgiveness was asked for or received, but the consciousness that the knowledge of her wickedness was shared by her father enabled her to go back to bed and sleep peacefully the rest of the night; she was comforted.

It is evident that in those early years her father was her ideal of all manly perfection. She was very proud of him. She imagined that strangers who visited the church on Sunday and saw him dressed in his Sunday frock-coat, teaching a bible class must be filled with admiration for such a dignified person. And she prayed earnestly that the "ugly, pigeon-toed little girl whose crooked back obliged her to walk with her head held very much upon one side would never be pointed out to these strangers as the daughter of such a fine looking man." (It seems that at this time she was afflicted with some spinal trouble which gave her a deformed appearance.) To do what she could to protect her father from such a disgrace, she was in the habit on these Sundays to keep from walking home by his side, and to walk by the side of her uncle, so the stran-

gers might think she was his daughter and not her father's; although one of the chief joys that the Sabbath usually brought her was to walk to and from church with her hand in that of her father's.

Mr. Addams was a miller by trade and in Jane's girlhood days operated two mills, a saw-mill and a grist-mill, but was financially able to employ men to do the work. These mills were frequented by the children who used them as playhouses. To ride on a log while it slowly approached the buzzing saw which was to rip it up, and to get off in time to escape a gory death was very exciting play; all the more fascinating, perhaps, because of the element of danger.

The flouring mill, however, had a greater attraction for the youngsters than did the other. Here the farmers brought their wheat to be ground and waited to carry the flour, bran and shorts home with them. To watch the wheat go down the hopper and come out from between the stones, flour, bran and shorts all mixed up together, only to be carried out of sight in mysterious little buckets, to appear again each by itself, led to interest and wonder on the part of the young observers.

The bran room, especially, was a source of

delight. It rivaled the sand pile in the opportunities it afforded for play. The little girl spent many an hour in the mill rubbing the ground wheat between her thumb and fingers hoping that her thumb would become flattened like her father's, so the so-called "miller's thumb" would be another bond of union between them. So great was her admiration for her father and so consuming was her desire to be like him in as many respects as possible that she was in the habit of standing by the mill stones when they were being dressed in order that the hard particles should mark the back of her hands as her father's were marked. To her great sorrow this desire was not realized.

An incident that occurred when she was seven years old would seem to be prophetic. One day as she was walking with her father through the poorest part of the neighboring city she noticed that the houses were all small and that their surroundings denoted a degree of squalor not to be seen in the country, or in the village in which she lived. She asked her father why people lived in such miserable little houses built so close together. On receiving his explanation she declared with much positiveness that when she was grown up she

would have a large house, but it would not be built among the other large houses, but right in the midst of horrid little houses like these. Hull House is the fulfillment of the prophecy.

The girl, Jane, often thought along other serious lines besides the cause of the difference between the rich and the poor. Religion arrested her attention. She and her playmates discussed the doctrine of fore-ordination with great earnestness. Her best friend understood the matter fully, but she could not fathom its profound depths to her own satisfaction. As with all her troubles she submitted her theological difficulty to her father and asked for an explanation. He replied that he feared neither of them had the kind of mind that would ever understand the subject, and that it did not matter much whether they understood it or not, but that it was very important not to pretend to understand it when they did not; and that one must be always honest with himself inside, no matter what happened. She was greatly comforted by her father's admission that their minds were on an equality on the subject.

Her religious bent manifested itself in other ways than in the discussion of fore-ordination. She and a brother built an altar in a secluded

spot by the home stream. To this altar they brought all the snakes they killed on their various excursions through the fields and woods, no matter how far the distance. With the snakes they placed on the altar one out of every hundred black walnuts which they had gathered, and then poured over the whole a pitcher of cider. On this sacrificial altar they sometimes offered a book or two, to emphasize their renunciation of the vanities of the world.

The same religious feeling led them, long before they began to study Latin, to commit to memory the Lord's prayer in that tongue, from an old copy of the Vulgate. This prayer they repeated each night, believing it more religious to do so than to repeat it in the vernacular.

Mr. Addams was a member of the Illinois senate from 1854 to 1870. Those sixteen years were, perhaps, the most important in the history of the nation; they surely were the most exciting. The discussions over the Fugitive Slave Law, the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, the Lincoln-Douglas Debates, the John Brown Raid, the Civil War, and Reconstruction were very bitter and aroused the most profound passions of men. And Mr. Addams being a

prominent member of the legislature through all these stirring events, it was to be expected that he would be visited at his home by men prominent in the affairs of the state and nation. And such a precocious child as Jane would hear considerable of politics, and imagine more, in the latter years of her father's legislative career. Her father was an ardent admirer of Mr. Lincoln, was very fond of him in fact, and the affection was reciprocated. And after the tragic death of the President, Jane by means of his letters to her father, and the father's personal recollections was able to create a new Mr. Lincoln, and the beloved President lost no excellence by the new creation.

Anything associated with Mr. Lincoln acquired great sacredness to her. Even the war eagle, "Old Abe," because of his name filled a prominent place in her thoughts. Many a time did she look to the north, hoping to see him with wide spread wings flying over the fields of Illinois, but to her great sorrow he did not come. The sorrow, however, was assuaged a little later when in company with her father and other members of the family she visited the capitol of Wisconsin and saw the king of birds on his unworthy throne, and

heard the marvelous stories which the keeper told of his majesty.

When seventeen years of age Miss Addams entered Rockford Seminary, "The Mount Holyoke of the West." She was ambitious to enter Smith College but her father thought it better that she should attend a good school near home and after graduating travel a year in Europe, as he believed that the year's travel would give the polish that the eastern college was supposed to give.

The description of her four years at the seminary is well worth reading. It shows how seriously the young women entered upon their academic career. They had unbounded ambition, a high sense of their own ability, and the courage to attack and settle to their own satisfaction many of the great problems whose solution had baffled the wisest of all ages.

Of many incidents that occurred while at the seminary, some of which might be termed serio-comic, the most serious one is given here in Miss Addams's own words: "At one time," she tells us, "five of us tried to understand DeQuincey's marvelous 'dreams' more sympathetically, by drugging ourselves with opium. We solemnly consumed small white powders at intervals during an entire long holiday, but

no mental re-orientation took place, and the suspense and excitement did not even permit us to grow sleepy. About four o'clock on the weird afternoon the young teacher whom we had been obliged to take into our confidence, grew alarmed over the whole performance, took away our DeQuincey and all the remaining powders, administered an emetic to each of the five aspirants for sympathetic understanding of all human experience and sent us to our separate rooms with a stern command to appear at family worship after supper whether we were able or not."

The missionary spirit was very strong in the Seminary, due in part to the desire to emulate Mount Holyoke. Miss Addams resisted all influence tending in this direction. This resistance was due in part to the fact that her father was not a communicant of any church, and in part to the fact that the little group to which she belonged was much given to rationalism, founded upon an earlier reading of Emerson. When Bronson Alcott lectured at the school this group fairly worshiped him because he had been a friend of Emerson, and looked with scorn upon those of their fellow-students who cared for him because of his grandfatherly relation to "Little Women."

During her stay at the Seminary both teachers and students were anxious that the institution should become a full-fledged college. To hasten the consummation of their burning desire, the school applied for an opportunity to compete in the intercollegiate oratorical contest of Illinois. The application was granted and Miss Addams was chosen to represent Rockford. No sooner was she elected to this honorable position than she was made to realize her many deficiencies. She was told with brutal frankness (as she expresses it) by her fellow-students of her many oratorical faults that would be sure to lose woman the first place in the contest. Woman did lose the first place and came fifth in the list, exactly in the middle, and she heartily agreed with the judges. She graduated with honor in 1881, and in August of the same year her father died, when seemingly she needed his counsel most.

The winter after leaving Rockford she entered the Woman's Medical College of Philadelphia so as to prepare herself to practice among the poor. But the spinal difficulty which had shadowed her since childhood now compelled her to give up her medical studies. She spent the next two years in Europe, and

before returning to America she found that there were other genuine reasons for living among the poor besides that of practicing medicine.

While on the continent, although drawn irresistibly to the poorest quarters of the large cities, she declares that nothing among the beggars of South Italy, among the salt-miners of Austria, or among the women connected with the breweries of Germany carried with it the same conviction of human wretchedness as was conveyed by a momentary glimpse of an East London street.

"For two years in the midst of her distress over the poverty which had thus been suddenly driven into her consciousness there was mingled a sense of futility, of misdirected energy, the belief that the pursuit of cultivation would not in the end bring solace or relief. She gradually reached a conviction that the first generation of college women had taken their learning too quickly, had departed too suddenly from the active, emotional life led by their grandmothers and great-grandmothers; that the contemporary education of young women had developed too exclusively the power of acquiring knowledge and of merely receiving impressions; that somewhere in the pro-

cess of "being educated they had lost that simple and almost automatic response to the human appeal, that old healthful reaction resulting in activity from the mere presence of suffering or of helplessness; that they are so sheltered and pampered that they have no chance even to make the great refusal."

She says that it is difficult to tell just when the very simple plan which afterwards developed into the "Settlement" began to form itself in her mind. It may have been before she went to Europe for the second time, but she gradually became convinced that it would be a good thing to rent a house in a part of the city where many primitive and actual needs are found, in which young women who had been given over too exclusively to study, might restore a balance of activity along traditional lines and learn of life from life itself; where they might try out some of the things they had been taught. These plans she made known to her traveling companions at Madrid in 1888. The enthusiasm with which Miss Ellen Gates Starr, her old time school friend and one of her companions, regarded the plan strengthened Miss Addams in her purpose. Shortly after making her decision she again visited London and made a careful study of

Toynbee Hall, located amidst the poverty and squalor of the East End.

January of the next year found herself and Miss Starr in Chicago searching for a neighborhood in which to start the Settlement. They were fortunate in finding a fine old mansion which was erected by Mr. Charles J. Hull in 1856. When built, Hull House stood in the suburbs, but the city had so grown about it that it was far from the suburbs when it came into the possession of Miss Addams. Its surroundings were all that this enthusiastic young woman desired. Poverty and ignorance, filth and vice pressed upon it on all sides. The house stood between an undertaking establishment and a saloon. "Knight, Death, and the Devil," was the description of the combination given by a Chicago wit; thus comparing the Settlement to a knight of the middle ages doing valiant service for the poor and oppressed.

There are three well-defined kinds of settlements, the Nurses' Settlements, the Social Settlements, and the University Settlements. The underlying ideas of all are the same, viz., that all men are brothers and that it is the duty of those who are blessed with wealth or with intellectual ability to assist those who are not

possessed of either. The greater their destitution the stronger is their claim upon their more favored brothers. The greater their poverty and the more profound their ignorance the more need there is of a helping hand. And this helping hand should be held out to them regardless of their political belief, religious creed, or moral degradation. To be most successful this work must not wear the garb of charity nor be actuated by a desire to "convert sinners."

The purposes of the Settlements, as stated by Miss Addams, herself, are threefold: "The first contains the desire to make the entire social organism democratic, to extend democracy beyond its political expression; the second is the impulse to share the race life, and to bring as much as possible of social energy and the accumulation of civilization to those portions of the race which have little; the third springs from a certain renaissance of Christianity, a movement toward its early humanitarian aspects."

The settlement movement originated in England, and to Arnold Toynbee, an Oxford tutor, belongs the credit of originating it. This consecrated young man spent two of his long vacations among the poor of East Lon-

don. He was deeply moved by the poverty and squalor which were so prevalent. On his return to the university he succeeded in interesting other men in the sufferings which he witnessed. And although he did not live to see a Settlement of university men established among the outcasts of London, his spirit lived, and moved some benevolent persons to build a house in one of the poorest sections of the city, which should be occupied by university men who were to labor in various ways to raise the standard of living in their neighborhood. This building has grown into Toynbee Hall, which is the largest of forty such settlements in England and has at present over twenty residents, all university men.

The principal Nurse's Settlement is in New York City. At first the labors of the Settlement were confined to nursing the poor and unfortunate who otherwise would be neglected. Now it has several small houses in various parts of the city in which nurses and other residents live, and from which radiate light and hope. New York City has several University Settlements, also, each of which is carrying healing to the socially sick and discouraged.

Hull House is a Social Settlement, the great-

est in America, and possibly in the world. It was founded in 1889, in one of the poorest districts of Chicago. It is surrounded largely by colonies of foreigners. Between Halstead street and the river live about ten thousand Italians. To the south on Twelfth street are many Germans, and the side streets are given over almost entirely to Polish and Russian Jews. South of these Jews is a Bohemian colony, so large that Chicago ranks as the third Bohemian city in the world. To the northwest are many Canadian French, and to the north are Irish and first-generation Americans.

A rather lengthy quotation from "Twenty Years at Hull House," published in 1910, is here given because of its vivid description of the environments of the Settlement: "The streets in the vicinity of the Settlement," the author tells us, "are inexpressibly dirty, the number of schools inadequate, sanitary legislation unenforced, the street lighting bad, the paving miserable and altogether lacking in the alleys and smaller streets, and the stables foul beyond description. Hundreds of houses are unconnected with the street sewer. The older and richer inhabitants seem anxious to move away as rapidly as they can afford it. They make room for newly arrived immigrants who

are densely ignorant of civic duties. This substitution of the older inhabitants is accomplished industrially also, in the south and east quarters of the ward. The Jews and Italians do the finishing for the great clothing manufacturers, formerly done by Americans, Irish and Germans, who refused to submit to the extremely low prices to which the 'sweating' system has reduced their successors. As the design of the sweating system is the elimination of rent from the manufacture of clothing, the 'outside work' is begun after the clothing leaves the cutter. An unscrupulous contractor regards no basement as too dark, no stable loft too foul, no rear shanty too provisional, no tenement room too small for his work-room, as the conditions imply low rental. Hence these shops abound in the worst of the foreign districts where the sweater easily finds his cheap basement and his home finishers." This quotation shows that the location of the Settlement was a desirable one, considering its purpose.

The Hull House Settlement at present consists of a group of thirteen buildings with forty resident workers among whom are lawyers, physicians, business men, newspaper men, teachers, scientists, artists and musicians.

There is the main house for residents, a building occupied by a Co-operative Club of working girls, and a gymnasium building with baths. This building, with the exception of the one floor, is given over to a labor museum and various industrial activities, the most important of which is Miss Starr's bookbindery. The underlying idea of the labor museum is that culture is an understanding of the long-established occupation and thoughts of men, of the arts with which they have solaced their toil. There are spinning and weaving carried on here, and they tend to bring the Americanized daughters into closer sympathy with their immigrant mothers when they see their beautiful handiwork. Pottery-making, wood-workings, metal-working, and cooking, especially, receive much attention. There is a small but beautiful theater, in which the different nationalities vie with each other in giving plays which treat of the history and literature of the home land. There is a large restaurant, men's club room, a whole building given over to the music-school and work with children, and a group of buildings with apartments and lodgings.

The Sunday evening lectures, upon a great variety of subjects are free. In the auditorium

there are several dances a week, and many large parties and meetings. In the Sunday afternoon concerts an effort is made to give the best music to the neighborhood. There are advanced classes in French and German and in Dante, with secondary classes in a variety of subjects, including English, Geography, and Literature. A great number of art and technical classes, including newspaper illustrations, drawing, painting, clay-modeling, carpentry and wood-carving, millinery, and dressmaking are carried on successfully.

Among the clubs, the most important is the Hull House Women's Club, numbering between three and four hundred members in good standing. The Hull House Men's Club is also an important organization, and so is the Dramatic Association whose purpose is the production of plays by the amateur talent of the house. There are many other clubs for young people and children. Connected with the house is a kindergarten, nursery, visiting nurse and visiting kindergartner, the latter for sick or crippled children. An agent of the Juvenile Court, who works constantly among the dependent and delinquent children is in residence. A number of outside organizations, including the Chicago Arts and Crafts Society, the Ital-

ian orchestra, the Nineteenth Ward Improvement Association, and some others meet regularly at Hull House. A number of investigations are carried on each year in connection with definite social reform movements, and many conferences on public questions are held.

One of the principal organizations at Hull House during the first decade of its existence was the Social Science club. Owing to the great freedom with which the members of the club expressed their views, the Settlement soon became known as the center of radicalism. Many good citizens regarded it with distrust as they believed it to be disseminating anarchistic doctrines—doctrines that were opposed to the stability of government and religion, the two main pillars of society. But Hull House was between two fires at times. For the radicals looked upon it as the friend of the capitalists and upon its teachings as simply a sop thrown to the reformers, whose interests it would desert when the capitalists brought pressure to bear upon it. Miss Addams resented these charges and declared that she would not be bullied by either side. Her sympathies at the time, however, were with the socialists, as she regarded them as making a gallant fight against great odds. But they repudiated similarity of

social sympathy and purposes as tests, and insisted that fellowship depends on identity of creed, and to this she could not subscribe. For the residents at Hull House had discovered that while their first impact with city poverty allied them to groups given over to discussion of social theories, their sober efforts to heal neighborhood ills allied them to general public movements which were without challenging creeds. Yet the residents, although often baffled by the radicalism within the Social Science Club and harassed by the criticism from outside, still continued to believe that such discussion should be carried on. For if the Settlement sought its expression through social activity, it must learn the difference between mere social unrest and spiritual impulse.

Miss Addams was a member of several arbitration committees in times of strikes. And the reaction of strikes upon the Settlement affords an interesting study in social psychology. For whether Hull House is in any way identified with the strike or not, makes no difference. When "Labor" is in disgrace the Settlement is always regarded as belonging to it. In the public excitement following the Pullman strike Hull House lost many friends; later the teamsters' strike caused another such defection, al-

though Miss Addams's connection with both strikes had been solely that of a duly appointed arbitrator. But this elect lady is a courageous soul, and these things moved her not. At least they did not change the attitude of the Settlement towards social, philanthropic, or industrial questions.

She was instrumental in obtaining free employment bureaus under state control, as she found that unemployment was disheartening to the poor.

Miss Addams was appointed by the mayor garbage inspector of her own ward (the 19th) with a salary of $1,000. This office was not a sinecure, not at least as she proposed to do the work. Indeed she united in her own person the duties of garbage inspector, sanitary commissioner, and health officer. She found it no easy matter to persuade a group of Greeks that they must not slaughter sheep in the basement of their homes, or Italian women that they must not sort over, in courts swarming with children, rags which they collected from the city dumps, or to hinder immigrant bakers from baking bread for their neighbors in unspeakably filthy places under the pavement.

Miss Addams is in the prime of life, and judging by what she has already done, we are

justified in expecting still greater things from her pen. At present she is furnishing a series of valuable articles for McClure's Magazine.

She was a member of the Chicago School Board when that body was passing through stormy waters; and this paper will close with her tribute to the public schools: "The public schools in the immigrant colonies," she declares, "deserve all the praise as Americanizing agencies which can be bestowed upon them."

## CHAPTER SEVEN

### MRS. LIDA BROWN MCMURRY

LIDA A. BROWN is a native of the state of New York, but came to Illinois at an early age. She began her work as a teacher at the age of sixteen and taught several years in rural and village schools. Feeling the need of better preparation she entered the Illinois State Normal University, from which she graduated with honor in 1871.

While in attendance at the Normal University she invited a number of young women of the school to meet in her room one Sunday for the purpose of holding a prayer meeting and song service. Six accepted the invitation. They enjoyed their little devotional meeting so well that they decided to meet every Sunday and invite others to meet with them. Thus was started on the twelfth day of November, 1872, what is believed to have been the first Students' Young Women's Christian Association in the world. And it may be worth while to notice, in passing, that like some other organizations

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*Not she with trait'rous kiss her Saviour stung,*
*Not she denied him with unholy tongue;*
*She, while apostles shrank, could danger brave,*
*Last at his cross, and earliest at his grave.*

*—Barrett*

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which have done so much for humanity, it had its birth at a seat of learning.

In view of what the organization has accomplished and is accomplishing it is interesting to know and of historic importance to record the names of the consecrated young woman whose meeting on this occasion has resulted in so much good to the world. The little group consisted of:

Lida A. Brown
Ida E. Brown
Emma Stewart
Jennie Leonard
——— Hopkins
Mrs. Hattie Lawson.

Miss Leonard and Mrs. Lawson were not students but were very much interested in the welfare of the young women of the school.

It is but just to state that the Y.W.C.A. is indebted more for its birth and growth in its early years to Lida A. Brown (now Mrs. Lida Brown McMurry) than to any other person. By her quiet, pleasing manners, she persuaded others to attend the meetings and enroll in the ranks. She sympathized with them in their troubles, cheered them in those hours of despondency and homesickness which come to many young women away from home for the

first time, and she so "mothered" them that absence from their own mothers was not so hard to bear as it otherwise would have been.

The true christian graces that enabled Mrs. McMurry to accomplish so much in building up the Y.W.C.A., have won her marked success in her life work. She is today one of the leading trainers of primary teachers. And this exalted position she owes fully as much to her sunny, sympathetic disposition as she does to her scholarship, although that is very creditable. She is the author of several books on primary teaching, which teachers all over the country find very helpful in their work.

The little company who met on that November afternoon, 1872, soon found their place of meeting too small to hold all who wished to attend, so they moved to the parlors of the Congregational church, and when that building burned down, they moved to the Methodist church.

The need of a more compact organization was felt, and so a constitution was made, and adopted January 19, 1873. The first officers elected under this constitution were: Ida E. Brown, president; Ida Witbeck, vice-president; Emma V. Stewart, secretary; and Lida A. Brown, treasurer.

At the time of this election, the society was called the Young Ladies' Christian Association, and not until September, 1881, was the name changed to its present form, although its purpose was always the same.

The motto of the association is found in the gospel by Saint John, 10:10: "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." This seeking for a fuller, richer life was the impelling force in those early days, and is still. The young women were very earnest in their work and the association grew rapidly. But it is in better shape now to carry out the purpose of its existence than it was before; as it employs a graduate secretary, a very able and devoted young woman, who gives all her time to the work.

The present student Y.W.C.A. at Normal covers a much broader scope in its organization than the association had at first planned. It is divided into seven committees, namely, the Finance, Membership, Social, Inter-collegiate, Bible, Mission, and Devotional committees. The chairmen of these committees together with the president and secretary of the association comprise the cabinet which meets regularly once a week. At these meetings the best methods for improving the society or the

work of any of the committees are discussed. Nothing is undertaken by the society which has not been carefully discussed and approved of in cabinet meeting. The test for the proposed enterprise is, "Will it give the students more abundant christian life."

At the beginning of each year the finance committee makes out a budget which estimates the receipts from probable gifts, dues, special sales; also the probable expenses of the year. The expenditures of all the committees is governed by this budget. If any committee spends more than was planned, its members make up the deficiency by special sales. Forty percent of the money taken in each year goes to the state and national organizations. They use this money for missions and current expenses. Thus the money sent by the student associations is used partly for extending student state and national associations and partly for general expenses such as office expenses of the national and state associations. A separate fund is raised each year to send delegates to the Geneva conference. The work of the following year is influenced greatly by the enthusiasm aroused at these meetings. For this reason the association sends as large a delegation as possible each year.

The aim of the membership committee, of which the vice-president is chairman, is to welcome all girls in the school into the association, and get them, if possible, to become active workers. Membership dues for the year are one dollar each. At present there are 185 members enrolled, all of whom are active in some department of the work.

The chairmen of the bible and mission committees organize classes for study. Some of these classes are taught by members of the faculty and some by students who have been in such classes before.

The devotional committee arranges the regular weekly meetings in detail. It is the purpose to make these meetings profitable and interesting. Twice a term the Y.W.C.A. and Y.M.C.A. unite in devotional services at which some member of the faculty presides. The association gladly and earnestly co-operates with the churches in their work.

To raise the social standard of the school is the main purpose of the social committee. It plans to give a large party, uniting with the young men's association, at least once a term. Smaller parties given by the young women alone are arranged for once a month. In these social gatherings, as well as in other phases of

the association work, anything which might detract from the christian spirit is guarded against.

It may be interesting to note how the student Y.W.C.A. movement has grown since 1872. According to the report of 1911, there are thirty-five organizations in Illinois. Student associations are organized in forty-three states of the Union, there being in all six hundred sixty-seven with a membership of 54,369. Student Y.W.C.A.'s are organized also in the leading countries of Europe.

"Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!"—James 3:5.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

### MRS. LETITIA GREEN STEVENSON

LETITIA BARBOUR GREEN, daughter of the Reverend Lewis Warner Green, D.D., and Mary Ann Peachy Fry, was born in Alleghany City amidst the beautiful scenery of Western Pennsylvania. She can trace her ancestry, on the father's side, to Colonel John Washington, who with his brother Lawrence, appeared in Virginia, in 1658. John became very prominent in the affairs of the colony, both as a military man and as a member of the House of Burgesses. That he stood high in the esteem of his neighbors is also shown by their giving his name to the parish in which he dwelt. On his death, his son Lawrence reigned in his stead and became the father of John, Augustine, and Mildred, by his wife Mildred Warner. From this Mildred Warner Washington, Mrs. Stevenson can trace her descent directly. Augustine, the second son, married, for his second wife, Mary Ball, by whom he had three sons and a daughter; the eldest of

*O woman! whose form and whose soul*
*Are the spell and the light of each path we pursue.*
*Whether sunn'd in the tropics or chill'd at the pole*
*If woman be there, there is happiness too.*

*—Moore*

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these children was the illustrious George Washington.

While Mrs. Stevenson's maternal ancestors were not quite so famous as the paternal, yet they were not without distinction. She can trace her descent from Colonel Joshua Fry, an English gentleman and an Oxford graduate, who came to Virginia from England, and became Professor in William and Mary College. He was colonel of a Virginia regiment and led it against Fort Duquesne in 1755, but died on the march. After his death the regiment was commanded by George Washington, Colonel Fry's Lieutenant Colonel.

It will thus be seen that the subject of our sketch came from a fighting and patriotic stock, and that it was natural that she should join the Daughters of the American Revolution as soon as it became possible for her to do so.

Doctor Green moved from Pennsylvania to Kentucky in 1855. In this state, at and near Lexington, Miss Green received most of her education, although at the breaking out of the Civil War, she was attending Miss Haynes's school in New York City.

The family residence at this time was in Danville, Kentucky, where the father was president of Center College. Danville was on

the border line between the conflicting forces. And although he was an ardent Union man, his heart turned with fatherly solicitude towards his students, who were as children to him, and many of whom were from the South and joined the Southern army.

The guerilla warfare which was carried on in Kentucky, as well as in the other border states, placed the family at the mercy of the constantly changing bands of marauders. While the possession of the town by Federal and Confederate troops in turn made conditions very unpleasant and inconvenient for both Union and Southern people. At no time, however, were the Greens greatly intimidated or harmed. For in the armies on both sides were some of their nearest of kin and dearest of friends, under whose considerate protection they dwelt in safety.

As stated above Miss Green was attending school in New York City at the opening of the war. On her return home she found the college, as well as every other public building, converted into barracks or hospitals. And in the wake of the dreadful war soon followed desolation, sickness and death. She can never forget those terrible days, and is thankful to an over-ruling providence for a re-united coun-

try, and that the ties of kinship and friendship are the stronger, perhaps, for having been so rudely sundered for a time.

Miss Green came to Illinois in 1864, and in 1866, was married to Adlai E. Stevenson, a rising young lawyer of Metamora, Woodford county, and who since then has acquired national fame, by serving two terms in Congress, four years as Assistant Postmaster General, and four years as Vice-President.

In 1868, the Stevensons removed to Bloomington, which has since been their home. But because of Mr. Stevenson's official life in Washington, that city became the family residence for several years.

The social position of the Vice-President and his family is an enviable one, since it is wholly independent, and disconnected from all others. The Vice-President is not a member of the President's cabinet, hence his wife is not *officially* associated with the ladies of the cabinet, although the most cordial relations usually exist between them. Mrs. Stevenson's pleasing personality, her gracious manner and cultivated taste soon made her a favorite with the President's official family, and led to the forming of friendships which are highly prized and whose memory is sacredly cherished.

The wife of the Vice-President is required by her position to make but one call, and that upon the mistress of the White House, who is not expected to return calls. And it was impossible for Mrs. Stevenson to return all calls, her receptions often numbering eight hundred or a thousand callers. She took pleasure, however, in returning the calls of the wives of the Justices of the Supreme Court, the wives of the Senators, and in acknowledging all dinner and luncheon invitations by a personal call.

The wife of the Vice-President takes precedence when the first lady of the land is not present; and at all functions in the absence of the President's wife, she leaves first, and her leaving is a signal that it is time for the festivities to end. At state dinners she is always the guest of honor, is escorted to the dining room by the President and is seated at his right. Every courtesy and attention are accorded her and her family because of her official position, emphasized in this instance by the recognized worth of the recipient.

Mrs. Stevenson's life in Washington was full of charming experiences, all the more charming, no doubt, because she was prepared to appreciate them. Every shade and description of entertainment and pleasure were open

to her with but little annoyance from any source. Perhaps the principal annoyance arose from regret that the government does not provide official residence for the Vice-President and members of the cabinet as other governments do for their corresponding officials. Money spent in providing such homes, it is believed, would be money well spent, as it would make the officials feel they were appreciated and so render them more efficient.

Added honors bring increased responsibilities. Mrs. Stevenson was elected President General of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, for the first time, on February 22, 1893, to succeed Mrs. Benjamin Harrison, first President General of the organization, who died in Washington during the closing months of her husband's term as President. She was re-elected President General in February, 1894, for the years 1894-95, and for 1896-97, and again for 1897-98. The office of Honorary President General was created in her honor and conferred upon her, but she resigned the complimentary title upon being elected President General for the third time; it was conferred upon her again, however, in 1898.

The objects of the National Society of the

Daughters of the American Revolution, as set forth in Article II of the Society's Constitution, are:

1. "To perpetuate the memory of the spirit of the men and women who achieved American Independence, by the acquisition and protection of historical spots, and the erection of monuments; by the encouragement of historical research in relation to the Revolution and the publication of results; by the preservation of documents and relics, and of the records of the individual services of Revolutionary Soldiers and patriots, and by the promotion of celebrations of all patriotic anniversaries.

2. "To carry out the injunction of Washington in his farewell address to the American people, 'to promote as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge,' thus developing an enlightened public opinion, and affording to young and old such advantages as shall develop in them the largest capacity for performing the duties of American citizens.

3. "To cherish, maintain, and extend the institution of American freedom, to foster true patriotism and love of country, and to aid in securing for mankind all the blessings of liberty."

Eligibility. "Any woman may be eligible for membership who is of the age of eighteen years, and who is descended from a man or woman who with unfailing loyalty, rendered material aid to the cause of Independence; from a recognized patriot, a soldier or sailor or civil officer, in one of the several colonies or states; provided that the applicant be acceptable to the Society."—Constitution, Art. III, Sec. 1.

The business of the National Society is conducted through committees appointed by the Continental Congress or by the President General upon the authority of the Continental Congress or of the National Board of Management. "The Continental Congress is composed of all the active officers of the National Society; the State Regent, or in her absence the State Vice-Regent, from each state, territory, and the District of Columbia; and the Regents and Delegates of each organized Chapter in the United States, and in foreign countries."

The most important committee, from the first, has been the Memorial Continental Hall Committee. Mrs. Harrison was an enthusiastic worker in behalf of a house or home for the Daughters, and appointed the first Continental Hall committee. The next and most important

step was to endeavor to awaken a national interest in the new and untried patriotic work. This was difficult at first, as the objects of the organization were not fully understood, and much doubt was felt as to the necessity of such work, and of its ultimate success.

The work of organizing Chapters with State and Chapter Regents was carried on with vigor, and Chapters have been established in every state and territory of the Union and in many foreign countries. By systematic and unceasing efforts, at the close of Mrs. Stevenson's administration as President General, in 1898, the organization had increased from 2,760, in 1893, to 23,097. It was in those early formative days and through efforts of the active officers of the organization, encouraged and directed by Mrs. Stevenson, that the foundation was laid deep and enduring, upon which the splendid superstructure now rests.

Besides the Continental Memorial Hall which is now completed and is worth, with the lot on which it stands, about $500,000, the Daughters have shown their zeal and ability in other ways. They contributed about three-fourths of its cost towards the erecting of a statue at Fredericksburg, Virginia, in honor of Mary Washington. On February 26, 1894,

they presented a life-size portrait of Mrs. Benjamin Harrison to the White House. They also presented a statue of Washington to the city of Paris. This statue was given a prominent place by the city authorities and was unveiled during the Paris exposition of 1900, with due acknowledgment to the donors.

On the 15th day of May, 1903, a bill appropriating $10,000 for the purchase of the Fort Massac reservation was approved by the Governor of Illinois. The legislature was led to make this appropriation largely through the efforts of Mrs. Matthew T. Scott, President General of the Daughters, who read a very able and convincing paper before the Illinois State Historical Society, urging the purchase, and joined with other high officers of the organization in a petition to the legislature to the same effect. And later through the same influence the state was induced to purchase Starved Rock, and about 190 acres of the surrounding land to be used forever by the people of the state as a pleasure ground.

Neither her social duties as the wife of the Vice-President, nor her official duties as President General of the great and patriotic organization whose activities she directed for so many years could lead Mrs. Stevenson to neglect her

home duties. She is a strong believer in the value of the home to the individual, to the family and to the nation. A good home she regards as the chief corner-stone of the nation, and a woman's first and highest duty is to establish such a home.

Home should be a place of great freedom, in order to be worthy of the sacred name. Here the children should be made to feel that they may do as they please, providing they do not please to do wrong—of which there is little danger. It is only by allowing this liberty that the parents can learn the dispositions of their children, something which many parents do not learn until it is too late.

Home should be a place of mirth and merriment. Blessed is the boy who feels that home is a "jolly" place. How the memory of it will cling to him in after years, and prove a talisman against evil, long after the "jolly" father and mother have gone to their reward.

Mrs. Stevenson is also a believer in early marriages, provided the affection is founded upon mutual respect; and provided, further, that man is able to insure the necessary comforts to safeguard the health of his wife, and to maintain a home with all that the name implies. But the establishing of a home should

not mean that the woman shall forever cook, sweep, darn stockings, sew on buttons, and play general lady's maid to her entire family. All of this may be necessary under certain financial conditions. But even then by a fair division of labor much exhausting fatigue may be avoided, and decided benefit to all concerned result.

Recreation and change of scene for the mother occasionally are essential to the happiness of the whole family. That the mother's health and strength should be most carefully conserved is imperative, as they are by far the greatest asset in the domestic economy. The welfare of the household depends in a large measure upon her ability to guide her family and domestic affairs with prudence and forethought,—a feat she cannot accomplish if handicapped by illness. This may be superinduced by overtaxed nerves in the laudable effort to meet the exacting duties of the present day strenuous life. And there can be no judicious authority, order, or happiness in the home where the mother is a physical or nervous wreck.

If it can be so arranged, and it can usually, the wife should be a sharer in her husband's honors, as well as be his comfort and solace in

times of trial and stress. She should also be acquainted with his business enterprises, as success or failure means as much to her as it does to him—perhaps more. And it does not safeguard the home for either husband or wife to have a set of friends or acquaintances to whom the other is a stranger. Separate interests and separate trends of thought are sure to follow, and this is destructive of the purposes of the home.

## CHAPTER NINE

### MARIE EUGENIA VON ELSNER*

MARIE EUGENIA VON ELSNER was born in Bloomington, Illinois, June 1, 1856, and died in the same city July 7, 1883. Her mother, Amanda Dimmitt, also born in Bloomington, was the daughter of William Dimmitt, one of the early pioneers in Illinois, and after whom one of the additions to Bloomington is named.

Marie's father, Hugo von Elsner, was born near Goerletz, not far from Dresden, Germany. It is claimed by some people that he was of noble birth; this, however, is not certainly known, as he was very reticent and never talked about his ancestry, unless it was in his own family. What is known is that he was highly educated and was a civil engineer. He probably practiced that profession before leaving

*Miss von Elsner was very fortunate in her biographer. Judge John M. Scott has told the story of her life and work in a most sympathetic and graceful manner. This brief sketch is indebted to his pleasing volume for its main facts.

*God sent his singers upon earth*
*With songs of sadness and of mirth,*
*That they might touch the hearts of men,*
*And bring them back to heaven again.*

—*Longfellow*

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his native land, but if so he could not have practiced it very long, as he came to America when quite a young man. After coming to Illinois he assisted as engineer, or in some other capacity, in the construction of a railroad from Elgin to Freeport.

In 1854, he came to Bloomington to make for himself a new home, and here he lived until his death, which occurred while his gifted daughter was in Paris, and before she had achieved her triumphant success.

Von Elsner "did not possess much executive ability and still less capacity for money making in any business." But he was an excellent musician, well versed in the science of music, and an enthusiast in teaching the divine art. It was well that it was so, for his ability in this direction was about the only source of income that he had.

Miss von Elsner's musical education began when she was a mere child. Her father was her teacher in those early days, and continued to be until she sailed for Europe in 1874, to further her education. He had unbounded faith in the ability of his child, and was confident that she would succeed. So he became an enthusiast in the matter of her musical education and he left nothing undone to accom-

plish this end, as far as his limited means would permit.

"It was a practice with her father when Marie was yet a mere child to have her sing in parlors where friends had met to hear her, and in larger private gatherings, and she was always heard with the greatest delight." What may be termed her first public appearance was at Springfield, Illinois, in 1861, before a regiment of soldiers in training to take the field. She was then five years of age, and her singing of "'Tis the Last Rose of Summer" was so touching that it brought tears to the eyes of many of those strong, hardy men whose thoughts had been fixed on grim war for some time previous. They showed their appreciation of the child and her wonderful singing by making her a beautiful present, appropriately inscribed.

When about fourteen years of age, her father, and perhaps her mother, who was equally interested with her husband in the development of their daughter's musical powers, took her to Chicago, Cleveland, and New York. In each of these cities her singing was highly praised, especially in Cleveland, where there was a large German population. She re-

ceived money enough from her singing in those cities to defray the expenses of the trip.

The Germans are a music-loving race, and are very appreciative of the manifestation of genius along the line of their beloved art. Dr. Underner, who was at the head of a conservatory of music in Cleveland, took great interest in Marie, and generously undertook to aid in perfecting her musical education.

The time came when it was deemed necessary to send her to Europe for better instruction than she could get in her native land. And besides, she needed instruction in the languages and in literature, so necessary on the operatic stage, for which she was evidently intended. But where could the money for defraying her expenses be obtained? Her parents were comparatively poor, she had no wealthy relatives, and the case seemed almost hopeless. "It was at first proposed to raise the necessary funds by subscription. But the necessity for resorting to that expedient was soon obviated. In that crisis a very generous friend, Mr. A. B. Hough, of Cleveland—a very ardent admirer of the talents of Marie—came forward, and with a liberality seldom met with anywhere, offered to and did advance the entire amount necessary to defray all her expenses—a sum of

no inconsiderable proportions. No one enquired or seemed to know whether Mr. Hough exacted any promise from Marie or her friends to re-pay the money advanced by him on her account. It is not probable one so generous as Mr. Hough would have taken anything from the earnings of this poor child of genius had she offered to repay him. Such noble acts are not done for money considerations."

On the 25th of October, 1874, Marie sailed for Europe to complete her musical education. It must have been a lonesome voyage for this girl of eighteen years. There was no one on the ship that she knew, except Dr. Underner, who always took a deep interest in her welfare. This gentleman succeeded in interesting Mr. Mapleson, the great English *impressario,* in his young friend, and the interest continued through life. Dr. Underner, also presented her to Sir Julius Benedict, a musician of some note, who, on hearing her sing, pronounced her voice "a beautiful gift of nature," and advised her to go to Paris and place herself under the instruction of a celebrated teacher; this she did.

In May, 1876, she appeared at Drury Lane theater, in London, under the management of Mr. Mapleson. And her performance, in Robert le Diable, was not satisfactory to her man-

ager or to herself; so she returned to Paris for further instruction.

She studied for a year, or more, under her former teacher, who could not have taken more interest in her pupil had she been her own daughter. And the pupil studied with more diligence than ever, if possible, determined to achieve success; not so much, perhaps, on her own account, as on account of her father and mother and her family, her girlhood friends in that little western city, and her beloved teacher.

When it was arranged that she was to appear in the Theatre des Italiens, in Paris, in the opera Lucia di Lammermoor, she felt that success or failure, in her chosen profession, depended on her performance on that occasion. She and her teacher both felt that she was to pass through a terrible ordeal, as her performance would be watched by the most accomplished musicians and the most merciless critics in the world.

The feelings of the French towards the Germans were very bitter at that time. The Franco-Prussian war was only a few years in the past, and France felt that it had been cruelly treated in the terms of peace which it had to accept. And so her solicitous friends advised her to appear under the stage name of "Litta,"

that being the name of a noble Italian family. Her success was so great, "that the next morning Count Litta called upon her and thanked her for honoring his family name by adopting it." Henceforth she was known to the musical world, and even to many of her old-time friends, as Mademoiselle Litta, or simply Litta.

The effect of her rendering of the opera on this, her first appearance before a Paris audience, as described by the Paris correspondent of a New York journal is here given for the gratification of her friends: "That night will remain in the memory of everyone who was present; no greater triumph than that of M'lle Litta was ever known even within the time honored walls of the Italian Theatre of Paris. Captious connoisseurs started with amazement as the purest soprano voice heard for many years rang through the building; callous exquisites were surprised into an emotion by the warm life-like impersonation of Bellini's ill-fated heroine. From act to act the success of the *debutante* increased; the connoisseurs hung upon her every note and even the least scientific of the hearers felt a thrill which followed the exquisite modulations of that glorious voice. The enthusiasm became general and swelled into an ovation such as has not been

known since the days of Grisi. There was the genuine ring and not the counterfeit sound of a hired demonstration. Cynical critics and listless swells joined in the manifestations of delight; ladies clapped until they burst their gloves, and threw their own bouquets upon the stage. Lifted above her doubts and fears by the enthusiastic reception and inspired by her theme, Litta surpassed herself and surprised even her friends. For perfect vocalization, earnest feeling, and dramatic power, her rendering of the mad scene, that test of a cantatrice, was a truly wonderous performance. Even the would-be witty critics who had at first endeavored to raise a laugh at her large mouth and her square shoulders forgot to sneer and lost sight of her physical defects and sat absorbed and hushed throughout the thrilling scene. When the curtain fell the entire orchestra rose to their feet and the grand songstress who had held that audience under the charm of her talents was recalled with a whirlwind of applause. Such a scene of enthusiasm is rare at the Italiens whose polished critical *habitues* are seldom raised to such heights of interest and delight. The smiling, enraptured girl received an ovation she will certainly remember to her dying day, and at the close of

that performance found herself crowned a queen of song. Her triumph was complete, almost unparalleled. * * * The young American girl, unknown and almost friendless the day before, had risen in that evening to the utmost heights of musical fame."

One other quotation bearing on this first night's performance, and this from the pen of a woman, Miss Kate Field: "It would seem an exaggeration almost to state with what enthusiasm M'lle Litta was hailed when she finally revealed her talent. Even the *habitues* of the Italian opera in its halcyon days cannot remember such scenes of excitement. And there was the true ring about the ovation M'lle raised, none of the hired applause with the *elite* smiling coldly at the venal demonstration; none of the bouquets bought beforehand and thrown upon the stage by dummies. No; it was all genuine admiration. Ladies stood up in their boxes and burst their gloves clapping; the entire orchestra declared her the young artist with one voice. Elegantes threw upon the stage the bouquets they had brought with them and held through the evening. Time after time thundering calls brought the young American lady before the curtain, blushing with heartfelt delight. The enthusiasm increased as

M'lle Litta proceeded with her fine impersonation and the *summum* was after the scene of Lucia's madness which is famous as one of the most severe tests, not only for the singer, but for the dramatic artist. M'lle Litta went through the crushing ordeal with inspired energy and this was her grand triumph. A very whirlwind of applause burst forth after this hackneyed scene which the new star rendered really harrowing by her life-like action. This final ovation set the seal upon her reputation and stamped her as one of the first artists of modern times."

Litta remained at the Italiens for some months. And her great triumph on her first appearance was not dimmed by later performances. Night after night music-loving Paris flocked to hear her in her different roles. And in no instance did she fail to satisfy the high expectation of her audience.

After the close of the season in Paris and some time spent in Vienna, she returned to America under the management of Max Strakosch, a distinguished manager in opera and concert music. She came directly to Bloomington where her mother and family still resided. Shortly after her return a reception was tendered her by Captain and Mrs. Burn-

ham—the latter her cousin—to which many of her friends were invited. It was a happy gathering, although Litta, no doubt, silently mourned the absence of the father who devoted himself to her musical education, and who never wavered in his belief in her success.

In order that the friends and acquaintances of her girlhood days might hear her, she gave a concert in Durley Hall. The hall was crowded and she sang divinely, as she felt she had the sympathy of her entire audience. Perhaps she never enjoyed any of the many ovations which she received both in the Old World and the New as much as she did that which she received on this occasion.

At the Burnham reception it was suggested to a close friend of hers that it would be a graceful thing to do, to present Litta with a testimonial of their high regard for her. The friend intimated that Litta would appreciate any offering made to her mother more than she would if made to herself. In consequence, her admirers presented the mother with a neat cottage; and here Litta herself made her home when not engaged in traveling.

Litta began her American engagements in opera, in Chicago, in 1878. She selected for her first appearance, Lucia di Lammermoor.

This was her favorite, and the selection with which she always commenced her engagements in the different cities in which she appeared. Large delegations went from Bloomington and Cleveland to hear her. She had many warm friends in Cleveland, and everyone in Bloomington was her friend, and all believed that their presence would be a source of strength to her, and it was undoubtedly. She was fond of Bloomington and of its people, and she gave expression to this fondness in a beautiful letter to a friend here, in which she wrote: "Bloomington is my home and I am proud of it, and the many kindnesses I have received from its people have filled my heart with gratitude, and I say frankly that there is no place like my old home, home, sweet home."

Whatever fears and doubts Litta may have had as she appeared before the brilliant audience that came to greet her and sit in judgment upon her performance, they all disappeared as she stepped in front of the distinguished assembly. She won a splendid triumph, and none manifested more joy in her success than did her friendly rivals in song, Miss Cary and Miss Kellogg, who graced the occasion with their presence.

The papers of the metropolis of the West

were unanimous in their high praise of both her acting and singing. The same was true of the papers of New York, in fact of the papers of every city in which she appeared, which led her to say, "I seem to have a good friend in every newspaper office." And so it proved in Boston, in which she appeared next. One of the leading journals had this to say: "The reception given to the *debutante* was most hearty and the lady has no cause to complain of her audience upon this occasion, as every number of her role was generously applauded, recalls frequent, and beautiful floral tributes were presented to her. The flute song in the mad scene displayed Litta's voice at the best and her rendering of this part aroused the enthusiasm of the audience and a grand demonstration."

The Strakosch Opera Company appeared in all the great cities from Halifax to Galveston, and everywhere Litta received unstinted praise. The cities of the South vied in their cordiality with those of the North, and far-off San Francisco outdid them all in the attention it bestowed upon her. In addition to unlimited praise, "her admirers presented her two elegant souvenirs, which she greatly appreciated. One of them was a heavy and beautifully wrought

chain of Etruscan gold from which hung a locket thickly crusted with diamonds."

After two seasons in opera, Litta decided to give it up, and engage in concert work. She had been so successful in opera that people wondered at her decision. It is probable that the change was due to the desire to make a little more money. The expenses of an operatic troupe were very heavy. It is true that much money was taken in, but it is also true that much was paid out, and that the net receipts were comparatively light. This may have been the reason, and it may not; it matters but little either way; the important thing is that the change was made.

Litta's concert singing was fully as successful as her work in opera. She sang in all the leading cities and was greeted everywhere with great enthusiasm.

One more tribute to her worth by one who heard her sing at Saratoga: "Of Marie Litta we can speak only in terms of highest praise. Her voice is a clear and beautiful soprano, of exquisite quality, that even her pianissimo passages were distinctly heard throughout the large hall, and her tones have that indescribable pathetic power which is vouchsafed to but few singers in a generation. She is a genuine art-

ist with a natural genius for moving her auditors by the tones of her voice and uses that marvelous organ with the most consummate grace and skill. Of the two numbers assigned to her on the program, the 'Carnival of Venice,' by Sir Julius Benedict, which abounds in ornament and *fioritura,* was rendered with a power and grace which brought forth round after round of applause. She responded to the demands of the audience by singing a stanza of 'Home Sweet Home,' in a manner which showed how genius could adorn even the most familiar air, and was greeted with the same universal plaudits."

After her return to America, Litta's career was brilliant but of short duration—about four years. That short period was one of great physical exertion and of intense mental strain. She was ambitious to accomplish a great work, and to enable her to do that she undertook more than either her physical or mental strength would endure with impunity. Her friends, finally, came to see that her health was failing, and it is to be regretted that they did not compel her to rest for a time. The public, with whom she was a favorite, was unintentionally unjust to her. The following quotation from her biographer might well be taken

to heart by music-loving audiences everywhere: "The demand made upon her by encores to sing more—in many instances double the numbers she had agreed to give by her program, was sometimes oppressive in a very great degree. Her generous nature would not allow her to deny her patrons anything whether just or unjust. The consequence was she felt constrained to sing many times when she really did not have strength to go through with the advertised program. This constant demand made upon her by the public wherever she went, soon began to tell on her strength.

"* * * The demand made by the public upon famous singers for so much more than they contracted to give or the public has paid for, is unjust in the extreme. No lawyer is expected to try two cases for his client for the same fee he agreed to try one. A lecturer, when he has agreed to give one lecture, is not expected to give another lecture, or even the same one without additional compensation. Encores are all right enough, but the singer ought to be allowed the privilege to sing or not. Demands for a repetition of every number is in ill taste."

In the spring of 1883, Litta suffered a severe attack, at Galesburg, from which she

never fully recovered. She rallied somewhat, however, and resumed her work. At Des-Moines, Iowa, she was again prostrated by sickness, and was urged by her friends to rest for awhile. But no, she kept on, as she did not want her manager to lose money by her failure to keep her contract with him. The last concert given by her company in which she took part was at Escanaba, Michigan. From there she was taken to her home in Bloomington, where she fell asleep, and awaked to sing in the celestial choir.

Loving hands laid her to rest in the Bloomington cemetery, and above her grave was erected a granite monument by the people of the city that she loved so well.

The following tribute by her biographer must close this brief sketch: "Litta had herself been poor during her whole life and that caused her to have the intensest sympathy with the lowly. The brightest gem in her crown will be her nobleness of soul. It is that which will remain when all else connected with her fame shall have perished and is forgotten. She was gentle, she was kind, and she loved all that is good and all that is good loved her. She lived to do good unto others. It was her crowning happiness to divide everything she

had with others, giving always the largest share and the best to them. Nothing gave her so much pleasure as to do good to others. In that work akin to the purest ministrations in charity she literally sacrified her life—a life that contained all that is best in human nature. She did not have to learn to be good or to do good. It was inwrought in her nature."

## CHAPTER TEN

### THE WOMEN OF TODAY

THE women of today are sometimes compared with the women of early times, and frequently to the disadvantage of the former. This is not just to either. The conditions are so different that it is well-nigh impossible to institute a just comparison. Were the woman of the early days placed in the midst of the environments which surround her sister of today, she would [illegible] it is feared that she would receive severe criticism from some of those who bring her praises at present.

The pioneer woman was fitted for the conditions under which she lived. She played her part in the development of Illinois, and she played it well. She "trained her children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," as far as her ability would permit, and she smoothed down the rough corners in the character of her husband, and when occasion demanded it she could use the ax or rifle as effectively as he could; all honor to her. And long may the people of Illinois see the heroic

had with others, giving always the largest share and the best to them. Nothing gave her so much pleasure as to do good to others. In that work akin to the purest ministrations in charity she literally sacrified her life—a life that contained all that is best in human nature. She did not have to learn to be good or to do good. It was inwrought in her nature."

*A woman's life is a wonderful thing*
*A yearning, hungering, questioning,*
*Outreaching toward the Infinite!*
*Wearing her womanhood like a crown, yet holding*
*Her pilgrim staff of duty.*

*—The Ladies' Repository*

## CHAPTER TEN

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THE women of today are sometimes compared with the women of early times, and frequently to the disadvantage of the former. This is not just to either. The conditions are so different that it is well-nigh impossible to institute a just comparison. Were the woman of the early days placed in the midst of the environments which surround her sister of today, she would feel lost. And it is feared that she would receive severe criticism from some of those who sing her praises at present.

The pioneer woman was fitted for the conditions under which she lived. She played her part in the development of Illinois, and she played it well. She "trained her children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," as far as her ability would permit, and she smoothed down the rough corners in the character of her husband, and when occasion demanded it she could use the ax or rifle as effectively as he could; all honor to her. And long may the people of Illinois see the heroic

figure of the pioneer woman as she stands revealed in the early history of the state. Times have changed, however, and existing conditions make other and different demands upon woman. The woman of today meets those demands as courageously and efficiently as did her sister of pioneer days those that confronted her.

The writer is frequently asked foolish questions, and one of the most foolish is, "Do you think woman is the equal of man?" Being a truthful man he has to answer, "It depends on the man and on the woman. Some women are superior to some men, and it is possible that some men are superior to some women, but taken in the aggregate, woman is superior in all that pertains to the higher life." Then comes the etymological argument: "Does not husband," the querist retorts, "mean *housebond,* the one who holds the house, or home, together? If so, then, he must be the superior one." "Perhaps 'husband' means that and perhaps it does not. Even if it does, does not the term *housekeeper* indicate that the wife plays as important a part in the domestic economy as does the husband? The truth is that without the presence of woman there can be no home. There can be a place where men assemble to

eat and sleep, but it is not a home, and the men feel that it is not; and in her absence they become slovenly in appearance and boorish in manners." This truthful statement is not what the questioner expected, or hoped to get, so he departs with a low opinion of the writer's wisdom.

Women constitute a great majority of the school teachers of the state of Illinois. There is no intention here of discussing the relative merits of men and women as teachers; no doubt each sex has advantages over the other in certain departments of teaching. All that is meant here is the bare statement of a fact which is known to all who have given the subject serious thought. And that the women do their work well is evidenced by the fact that the highest salary paid to any teacher in the state is paid to a woman.

When we consider the influence of the teacher in the community in which she labors, and upon the fortunes of the state through the children with whom she labors, we recognize the above statement as an important one. As there is no class of people whose influence upon the children is so great as that of the teachers, the parents always excepted—or nearly always. It is reasonable that this should be so, as they

are with them six hours a day for at least six months in the year. If the teacher is qualified intellectually and morally to have charge of children, it is difficult to estimate the importance of her work to the state.

There is a class of teachers who receive no salary, in the form of dollars and cents from any source whatever, and yet their service to the state is inestimable. For the lack of a better name they may be termed "supplementary" teachers; and to their ranks belong all mothers.

These supplementary teachers are very necessary, as, unfortunately, there are some persons employed to teach who are not teachers at all. They have no true conception of the office of a teacher; they are interrogation marks whose sole function is to ask questions. Question-asking is well enough and when properly done is an important phase of teaching, but not the most important; that is done by the mother, who when her day's work is done sits down by her children and leads them to see for themselves the logical solution of the problem, the proper interpretation of the paragraph in the reading lesson, and the true relation of the different parts of the sentence to each other. This she does with infinite pa-

tience, and her patience has its reward in the love and adoration of her children.

The woman of the present time does much valuable work along educational lines by organizing and sustaining literary and musical clubs. These clubs permit women to enter the realms whose portals were closed against them in their younger days. And although the glimpses which some get in those Elysian fields may be limited to small areas, and somewhat shadowy, yet they get enough to promote thought and to lighten the burden of their daily toil; and whatever makes the tasks of the toiler less galling is a benefaction to the race.

In no field of activity, perhaps, does the woman of the twentieth century appear to such advantage as in the godlike one of charity. It is true that all through the christian centuries woman has been a synonym for charity. Goodness and mercy have followed in her footsteps, and suffering has been mitigated by her presence. But in these later years she has learned to make her efforts more effective by systematic organization, and has learned to discriminate between the worthy and the unworthy.

In every city and town of any considerable size, there is organized a Board of Charities which receives gifts from the charitably dis-

posed and dispenses them to the deserving poor. These boards seek to find employment for those who are able to work, as it is believed that by this means the self-respect of the beneficiaries is preserved; and self-respect is a valuable asset in the struggle of life. Those who are not able to work are aided as fully as the means of the organization will permit. And while there are a few men connected with these organizations, it will be admitted by all who have studied the matter that the women are the moving spirits, the main prop and support of the boards, and that without them the institutions would languish, if not die.

Closely related to her work in dispensing charity to the poor are her merciful ministrations as nurse in hospitals, and elsewhere. The desire to alleviate suffering of every kind, to wipe away the tears from the eyes of the grief-stricken, and to cheer the despondent is pre-eminently an endowment of woman. The hospital is where she appears to the best advantage, as that is where there is most physical pain, and her mission is to remove pain. It is a question with many, "Who saves the most lives, the nurse or the physicians?" *Quien sabe?*

The pioneer woman was probably just as

sympathetic, just as eager to relieve suffering, and just as willing to sacrifice herself for the good of others as is her modern sister. She did what she could under the then existing conditions. But science has made great progress in the last hundred years, and in no respect greater, perhaps, than in its warfare with disease; so that the nurse of today is able to use means that were unknown to the nurse of pioneer days, and is, therefore, more efficient.

The woman of the present is a firm believer in the duty of the people to make beautiful their surroundings, as far as possible. She has studied the influence of environment upon character and has come to the conclusion that it is fully as great as that of heredity, if not greater. She may not believe with Zoroaster that the ugly is always bad, and the beautiful always good. But she does believe that beauty without has a strong tendency to promote beauty within. Therefore she is an ardent advocate of improvement leagues in cities and towns. She does not believe that the only times people should clean up their premises is when they hear that the cholera is making rapid strides from the East; but that they should keep them clean at all times. Furthermore, that shrubbery and flowers should gladden the

hearts of the passers-by as well as those of the occupants. The result of her efforts along this line may be seen in many towns and villages. And many rural communities follow the example of their urban neighbors. Indeed no small part of her work is the awakening of such communities to the possibilities within their reach. She points out how the schoolhouse and the country church may be made centers for disseminating the gospel of beauty to the farm homes in the vicinity, thus enabling the wife and mother, whose life is frequently one of drudgery, to catch glimpses of brighter things, the thoughts of which may bring warmth to her heart and a song to her lips.

Woman is also a promoter of civic righteousness. It is true she cannot vote, but her influence over those who can is very great. The home is the chief corner stone of the nation, and the woman is mistress of the home. There her influence is paramount, especially over her sons, and there are but few husbands who will vote contrary to the expressed wishes of their wives. And the wives are studying civic affairs more than ever before. Some periodicals find their way even into the most isolated homes. Many of those periodicals are ably

edited by women who point out to their sisters what they can do to purify civic affairs, and what it is their duty to do. And that the sisters are following their advice is evident from the great changes that are taking place in the social and political life of the people.

It is unfortunately true that more or less corruption still exists; but it is also true that it is becoming less and less from year to year. And whenever it is discovered it is not condoned, even by fairly good people, as in the past, but is punished both legally and socially. It should always be remembered that woman is the arbiter of social status and that some men dread being sent to "Coventry" more than they do being sent to the penitentiary; hence the great power which the woman wields in the community; and it must truthfully be said that she is using it for the betterment of the people.

The woman of today is interesting herself not only in literary, social, and political affairs, she is also giving much attention to the laws of health. She is satisfied that there are certain conditions and diseases of her sex which she can understand better than man can, and for whose removal she is better qualified. So to prepare herself the better to be an angel of healing to her afflicted sisters she has gradu-

ated in medicine from some of the best universities in the land, and has sometimes studied in the schools and hospitals of the Old World, hoping thereby to be the better equipped to contend with the messenger of death.

Woman has always been a zealous supporter of religion and of the church. This was true of the pioneer woman; it is true of the woman of today. She has always been more religious than man because she is possessed of the attributes of God in a larger measure. She is more like God in her tenderness, her sympathy, and in her desire to do good to those who need it most. She believes that religion is for the purpose of making man more god-like in purity, compassion, and helpfulness to others, hence she favors religion. And the church being the main instrument in urging people to be religious she supports it by her presence at all of its meetings and by her generous financial aid.

She realizes that religion is the most important thing in the world. It has been said that love is the greatest thing. But love is the essence of religion—love to God and love to man. Without this divine attribute religion becomes a hollow mockery; with it, it becomes a regenerating force leading man to be born

again in the image of God. This is woman's religion. For this she prays, for this she works, and for this she is willing to suffer unkind criticism, which is often bestowed upon her by the thoughtless and foolish. The pity of it.

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